THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU
Cast List

MIFED

Dr Moreau	MARLON BRANDO (Don Juan de Marco, Apocalypse Now, The Godfather, A Streetcar Named Desire)
Montgomery	VAL KILMER (Heat, Batman Forever, The Doors, Top Gun)
Prendick	DAVID THEWLIS (Naked, Total Eclipse, Restoration, Black Beauty, Life is Sweet)
Aissa	FAIRUZA BALK (Things To Do In Denver When You're Dead; Gas, Food & Lodging)
M'Ling	MARCO HOFSCHNEIDER (Immortal Beloved, Foreign Student; Europa, Europa)
Sayer of the Law	RON PERLMAN (Crime and Punishment, The Adventures of Huck Finn, The Name of the Rose)
Lo-Mai	MARK DACASCOS (Only the Strong, Double Dragon, Dim Sum)
Azazello	TEMUERA MORRISON (Once Were Warriors, Barb Wire)
Captain Davis/Kiril	WILLIAM HOOTKINS (Hear My Song)

Production List

Director	JOHN FRANKENHEIMER (The Manchurian Candidate, The Birdman of Alcatraz, The Iceman Cometh, 52 Pick-Up)
Producer	EDWARD R. PRESSMAN (Reversal of Fortune, Wall Street)
Writers	MICHAEL HERR (Full Metal Jacket) WALON GREEN (The Wild Bunch)
Creature Effects	STAN WINSTON (Congo, Jurassic Park, Terminator I & II, Predator, Alien, Interview with the Vampire, Edward Scissors Hands)
Cinematographer	WILLIAM FRAKER (Rosemary's Baby, Bullitt, Looking for Mr Goodbar, Heaven Can Wait, Memoirs of an Invisible Man, Honeymoon in Vegas, Tombstone)

The Island of Dr. Moreau

by

Richard Stanley, Michael Herr, and Walon Green

Based on the novel by H.G. Wells

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND - DUSK 1.

A curtain of rain falls across the treetops, descending upon the soft green hills and the patchwork farmsteads.

A dog comes running along the crest of a hill, rejoicing, barking at the rain.

The dog skids to a halt, shaking itself, turning its snout outward toward the fading light.

INT. THE COTTAGE - DUSK 2.

A log spits on the hearth, sending firelight across the untidy room and the gaunt figure of EDWARD PRENDICK, who sits hunched in the semi-darkness, half listening to a COMPACT DISC RECORDING of a bluesy romantic ballad.

Prendick glances down at the tabletop, at the piles of notepaper and the dense, crabbed handwriting that covers them, at the repeated sketches and doodles representing what we will come to recognize as the emblem of the Tree of Life; at the empty coffee cups, the overflowing ashtray and the dismembered pieces of the 38 pistol that lie before him.

He touches a button on a REMOTE CONTROL and the singing stops. He next touches the button on a TAPE RECORDER which whirrs to life.

As Prendick speaks he reaches down and begins to assemble the gun, his eyes unreadable, his lids red and bruised from lack of sleep, a week's growth of stubble on his waxy cheeks. His movements are slow and deliberate.

PRENDICK(V.O.)
In a spirit of honesty, I want to say right from the start that I think we've made some real mistakes about God. We tell ourselves that He's all-powerful, when we should really question his competence. I'm not asking for miracles. A little adult leadership would do.

2. cont.

Prendick brushes aside the papers on his desk and gropes around impatiently for a box of cartridges.

PRENDICK
God's love -- Yeah, well all I know is that He loves our suffering. As for His devine power...well, maybe He can do whatever He wants with us, but there's one thing I'm pretty certain He can't do. When He's sick of existing, He can't end it. Only we can do that...

Prendick opens the box and begins to load the revolver; six cartridges. Then he stops, laughs, shakes his head, and empties out all but one cartridge.

PRENDICK
My name's Edward Prendick. I used to be lawyer, specializing in what was mis-named Human Rights. A few years ago I worked as a Special Envoy for the United Nations...Part of an international effort to stop a bloody civil war in Micronesia. That's where it began. This is where it ends.

Prendick raises the revolver and almost touches it to his lips, savoring the moment of his obliteration.

THUNDER CRASHES on the soundtrack.

EXT. THE SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY 3.

We are flying.

Soaring above the tropical rainclouds, mist stretching away beneath us, illuminated from within by pulsing veins of lightning.

The canopy of cloud parts, giving way to a limitless vista of open sea, a horizon so vast that one can almost see the curve of the earth.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
Our plane went down in a magnetic storm just above the equator at roughly 165o longitude.

We see a yellow dot in the distance now, a tiny life raft adrift in a world of water.

EXT. THE RAFT - DAY 4.

There are THREE MEN aboard, two of them wearing the uniform of the United Nations peacekeeping force and the third, Prendick, dressed in the remains of a bedraggled threepiece suit, a life jacket around his neck.

The two soldiers, one Nordic, the other vaguely Hispanic, are locked in a violent struggle while Prendick tries ineffectually to separate them.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
We'd been adrift four days when things fell apart.

SOLDIER 1 (HISPANIC)
Stay back!

PRENDICK
For Christ sake, leave him alone.

SOLDIER 2
He can't last. His water can save us.

PRENDICK
Leave him! We can make it through this. They'll find us.

Soldier 2 doesn't reply; instead he makes a lunge for his comrade's throat. Prendick tries to grab the soldier's legs but the dinghy rolls heavily and he loses his grip. The soldier administers a savage kick to his head and he goes down, one hand raised to protect his face, the other reaching around for the flare gun. The second soldier has his hands around the first soldier's throat and the two of them grapple desperately, locked in a death grip.

Prendick raises the flare gun, leveling it at Soldier 2's head, his hand shaking.

PRENDICK
Let him go, you son of a bitch!

The man releases his companion who crumples to the floor of the raft, retching and gasping for breath.

He turns slowly to face Prendick, staring with sun-glazed eyes down the wavering barrel of the flare gun.

SOLDIER 2 4. CONT.
(A WIERD SMILE)
You're a lawyer. Don't you know the first law of nature is survival?

PRENDICK
We're not animals!

The soldier eyes Prendick up and down, afraid to call his bluff. Then, with a yell, the soldier 1 springs at him, a survival knife glinting in his hand.

PRENDICK
No!

SOLDIER 1
Tu, hijo de la chingada! Te lo doy al huevo.

Both men are screaming now, soldier 2 is driven back as his former comrade drives his blade into him, blood going everywhere.

The soldier shoves him away, staring in disbelief at his wound. He tries to get to his feet but the first soldier plunges the knife into him again. He doubles up, emitting a grunt, his hands grasping now at his assailant.

The dinghy pitches heavily to one side and the wounded soldier goes overboard, dragging his comrade with him.

He sinks like a stone but his murderer struggles for a moment, breaking free of his grip and trying to stay afloat as Prendick reaches out to him.

Then there is a white flash in the water and he is dragged under with barely a yell, the life raft shivering as the creatures of the deep brush against its underside, jostling each other as they feed.

He lies staring at the sky for a moment, alone now with the open sea. Slowly he begins to laugh, his laughter growing gradually louder and more uncontrollable.

He raises the gun and squeezing the trigger sends a white magnesium flare arcing up into the vault of the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DISC OF THE SUN - DAY 5.

A dazzling, overexposed white.

The SOUND of the hissing flare.

DISSOLVE THROUGH WHITE
TO:

EXT. THE SAME OCEAN - DAY (TWO DAYS LATER) 6.

Prendick lies in the bottom of the dinghy watching the swaying horizon, his eyes unfocused, his face raw and blistered from the relentless sun.

His head sways with the rise and fall of the ocean and all the horizon seems to sway with him, the earth and the sky and the shining crack that separates them.

A dark smudge appears on the far horizon. Dancing. Drawing nearer.

He closes his eyes.

When he opens them again he sees the side of the freighter looming over him, a row of figures gathered at the rail, outlines shadowy against the sun.

A MAN with a droopy Zapata moustache and sad eyes, his long flaxen hair tied back in a tail, an OLDER MAN, his angry, freckled face framed by red hair and lastly, standing beside them as if in a fever dream is the third man, a DARK MAN whose eyes shine feverishly.

Hands lift Prendick. Dark, powerful hands.

His head lolls back and he knows no more.

INT. THE CABIN - DAY 7.

We see a CLOSEUP of the MAN with the moustache, MONTGOMERY, looking solicitously down at Prendick.

Prendick groans.

MONTGOMERY
Easy now, ole' buddy.

Prendick opens his eyes to find himself in a small, untidy cabin crammed with specimen jars containing gaudy tropical orchids.

A low animal SNARL comes from somewhere outside the cabin and Prendick glances around uneasily.

MONTGOMERY
Feel better?

PRENDICK
Where am I?

MONTGOMERY 7. CONT.

You're okay. Don't worry.

Prendick looks nervously down at himself as if to make sure he's all still there. Montgomery smiles reassuringly.

PRENDICK
Who are you?

MONTGOMERY
My name's Montgomery.

PRENDICK
What ship is this?

MONTGOMERY
This shitbucket's the Ipecacuanha. Sounds like a drug doesn't it?
(smiles)
We all dropped Ipecacuanha and bayed at the moon. So who are you?

Prendick is aware that he's in the company of a real character.

PRENDICK
Edward Prendick. I have to get to Bougainville...I'm on assignment for the U.N.... they'll be looking for me...

Prendick sits up, tries to stand. Montgomery gently pushes him back.

MONTGOMERY
U.N.. You're one of those?

PRENDICK
International lawyer...I'm working on the peace settlement for Micronesia.

Prendick is now aware he's on an IV.

MONTGOMERY
Easy, Eddie, I'm still hydrating you. In two days you'll be in Moresby, you can contact your people there.

PRENDICK
Port Moresby's our first stop?

MONTGOMERY
Second. They land me first.

PRENDICK
Where?

MONTGOMERY
Does it matter?
(off his look)
Just a small island...where I live.

PRENDICK
A remote island...
(dares a smile)
Everyman's dream.

MONTGOMERY
Yeah, now it's your turn to dream. I'm gonna give you a shot.

Montgomery holds up a hypodermic needle, tenderly pats Prendick's arm, and administers a shot.

PRENDICK
What is it?

MONTGOMERY
Trust me blindly. You'll like it.

PRENDICK
Are you a doctor?

MONTGOMERY
Let's say I'm a paramedic.

There is another burst of feral SNARLING from outside and this time there is a man's voice as well.

DAVIS
God damn it! Shut them up!

Prendick glances up at the cabin ceiling and the direction of the muffled yells.

MONTGOMERY
That's a great shot I just gave you, Edward. There's men out there selling their wives and children for a shot like that, so don't piss it away. Get some sleep.

Prendick relaxes and the cabin goes blurry around the edges once more as the sleeping potion begins to take effect.

MONTGOMERY 7. CONT.
There you go. Dream...

Prendick's eyes wander down onto the lettering stencilled on one of the packing cases: 'DESTINATION: U.S. BIOSTATION, BRAVO RIO DELTA VIA SUVA.' And from somewhere ondeck the cries start up again, as Prendick drifts slowly down into oblivion.

INT. THE SAME CABIN - DAY (A DAY LATER) 8.

Consciousness washes slowly back into Prendick's mind as he finds himself watching a puddle of sunlight stretch slowly across the cabin ceiling.

Prendick sits up to see that the cabin door is standing ajar and a fresh set of clothes are laid out for him at the foot of the bed. He gets slowly to his feet, rubbing his head, catching a brief glimpse of his sun-scarred face in the cabin mirror.

EXT. THE DECK - DAY 9.

Prendick glances about the freighter deck, blinking in the sunshine, not prepared by the SOUNDS for what he sees.

The whole deck is littered with scraps of carrots, shreds of green stuff and indescribable filth.

All along the starboard bulwark are big hutches filled with rabbits and there is a solitary llama squeezed into a cage forward...a number of grisly staghounds are fastened to the rail by muzzles and chains and in the center of the deck a huge male baboon glares at him while a black leopard paces nervously in a small iron cage. A short FIGURE, M'Ling, sits beside the cage, reading a children's primer. He looks up at him with puppy dog eyes.

There is something particularly arresting about M'Ling's face -- the slight elongation of his features and a curious intensity that informs his expression.

He gets to his feet and starts towards Prendick, a curious glow of excitement in his face.

Prendick takes a step backwards and almost bumps into Montgomery who has appeared form the hatchway behind him and who now pushes past to come between Prendick and M'Ling.

M'Ling steps back. Intimidated.

MONTGOMERY
M'Ling, what did I tell you?

9 CONT.

M'LING
(cowed)
They won't have me forward...They say I disturb the animals.

MONTGOMERY
(firm, as to a dog)
But I told you STAY FORWARD! You want me to tell Moreau you were bad?

M'Ling turns slowly and moves away. Montgomery turns, glancing nervously back at Prendick.

PRENDICK
(re-animals)
What are these for?

MONTGOMERY
Asian Pharmacopeia...Haven't you heard? A bear's pizzle'll make your bobber'll stand up and whistle Dixie. This scow does quite a trade.

They are interrupted by a loud YELP and a VOLLEY OF CURSES from the companionway. M'Ling runs pathetically back onto the deck pursued by a heavy, red haired MAN in a white cap. M'Ling hesitates when he sees Montgomery and the red haired man catches up to him, striking him between the shoulder blades and sending him sprawling into the midst of the furiously barking staghounds.

The red haired man staggers onto the deck and Montgomery steps towards him angrily.

MONTGOMERY
Hey Captain, lighten up. That man is a paid passenger.

DAVIS
It's my ship!

Davis turns away and staggers across to the rail, Montgomery following him.

MONTGOMERY
You've been hassling him since we got on board. It's getting old. (under his breath to Prendick) Most obvious case of drug psychosis I've ever seen.

9. CONT.

DAVIS
Drug what!? What're you talking about there?

MONTGOMERY
Maritime Law. This man's a lawyer.

DAVIS
Here's the maritime law on my ship.
(He touches a pistol.)
I don't like freaks aboard...

MONTGOMERY
He's not a freak.

Montgomery turns away as Davis shouts after him.

DAVIS
Whatever he is. He comes forward again I'll gut him like a fish! The animals go crazy at the smell of him.

Prendick feels impelled to step in.

PRENDICK
Listen Captain...Is it Davies? I'm a Special Envoy for the U.N...

DAVIS
You're tits on a bull so you stay out of this...United Nations...Freeloading bastard, taking up space on my ship. Side with him and you'll sink with him. Hear me?

Speechless, Prendick watches Davis stumble back down the companionway.

When he glances around he sees that both Montgomery and M'Ling are watching him silently.

EXT. THE FREIGHTER'S RAIL - NIGHT 10.

Prendick stands beside Montgomery on the quarterdeck, staring up at the awesome canopy of stars overhead.

11

10. cont.

Montgomery passes him a smoldering joint.

MONTGOMERY
Try some of this.

Prendick waves it away.

MONTGOMERY
I guarantee it. I grew it myelf.

Prendick takes it out of good manners but declines to smoke it. He casts an eye over Montgomery's crumpled outfit, the unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt, bare feet, gold cross around his neck and a portion of a "Princeton Flag", tattooed on his chest.

PRENDICK
I haven't seen many Princeton tattoos.

MONTGOMERY
It's not the ivy league thing, which is why I did it.

Montgomery looks at him, at the joint he's still holding.

MONTGOMERY
You're supposed to smoke that thing.

PRENDICK
(handing the joint back)
I remember a post game party at Harvard...I was taken suddenly drunk and I begged a Radcliff senior to carve her initials on my chest...

MONTGOMERY
(brightly)
Silver spooner, Right?

PRENDICK
Well, I wasn't on a scholarship.

MONTGOMERY
I can always tell. When we fished you out of the water, I could smell the money on you. Old money. The best kind! The nose knows... What did you study?

12

PRENDICK 10. CONT.
I got a degree in Humanities.
What were you, pre-med?

MONTGOMERY
Biology...in another lifetime.

He returns his attention to the sea.

PRENDICK
Listen you know... you saved
my life.

MONTGOMERY
(recoiling)
Don't get choked up about it.

PRENDICK
I won't. But I owe you one.

MONTGOMERY
You don't owe me anything.
You lucked out. I happened to
be bored that day... looking
for a little action. If I
hadn't been, you'd still be
out there. I'd have stood
here and waved you bye-bye.

PRENDICK
That's bullshit.

MONTGOMERY
Yeah, you liberals need your
little fairytales.

The two men look awkwardly away from each other.

PRENDICK
How did you happen to come out
here?

MONTGOMERY
You know, Eddie, I see us more
like ships that pass in the
night...not assholes who meet
on a plane and tell each other
the story of their lives.

PRENDICK
(shrugs)
Whatever.

They lapse into awkward silence.

13

10. CONT.

MONTGOMERY
Ever get yourself in real trouble?
(catching himself)
How's that for a dumb question? I pulled you off a raft in the middle of the fucking ocean.
You're obviously a survivor.

PRENDICK
It's not over.

MONTGOMERY
Sure it is. You'll be back in the States eating at Johnny Rockets and I'll be...

PRENDICK
On your island Paradise.

MONTGOMERY
(a slight laugh)
Paradise. Yeah, that was Moreau's dream.

PRENDICK
Moreau?

MONTGOMERY
Man I work for. He once did for me what I did for you.

PRENDICK
Pulled you out of a lifeboat?

MONTGOMERY
(nods)
...and asked no questions. But it's a boring little story and it's not like you and me are friends.

PRENDICK
We could be.

MONTGOMERY
Wouldn't work.

PRENDICK
Why's that.

MONTGOMERY
'Cause it's plain as the nose on your face that you think I'm crazy.

14

10. cont.

Montgomery throws the joint into the sea and Prendick turns away, his eyes lighting now on the dark shape of M'Ling, who is leaning over the taffrail. M'Ling turns towards him for an instant, his eyes glowing a pale, luminous green in the light of the wheelhouse.

EXT. THE SOUTH PACIFIC - DAWN 11.

There is a CLATTER of chains and a tortured, hydraulic WHINING followed by a scarcely human clamor of SHOUTS and GRUNTS as a cage holding a frightened black leopard is hoisted skyward by a crude rig of chain and cable, spinning in the air above the rising sun.

INT. THE CABIN - DAWN 12.

Prendick wakes from an uneasy slumber and sits up in his bunk, rubbing his head, hearing HOARSE SHOUTING and PATTERING FEET overhead. As he gets to his feet there is a violent CREAKING SOUND and the freighter lists uneasily.

EXT. THE DECK - DAWN 13.

As Prendick comes up the ladder, the first thing he sees is the flushed sky and the rising sun over the broad back and red hair of the Captain who stands, arms upraised, while above him the black leopard moves agitated in its cage.

DAVIS
That's it! Off load the works. Now, we'll have a clean ship!

Prendick pushes past him and Davis turns with a start, staring drunkenly at him.

DAVIS
Hullo...why, it's Mister...Mister?

PRENDICK
Prendick

DAVIS
Yes, Mr. Prawn-dick. You too. You're off my ship.

PRENDICK
Not here. I'm going to Port Moresby...

15

DAVIS
(rolling his eyes)
Oh Mother, here we go again. Mr. Prawn-dick's telling me what I can and can't do on my own ship. MY own ship.

Prendick looks past Davis and sees the island for the first time, the jagged crest of a submerged mountain rising sheer from the ocean, its flanks covered with palm trees and dense scrub, a thin streamer of smoke rising from the treetops.

A large motor launch lies under the lee of the freighter and it is into this that the SAILORS are busy loading the last of the caged animals.

M'Ling is already aboard the launch, helping three brutish-looking BOATMEN with the staghounds while Montgomery gives orders from the freighter's deck.

Prendick suddenly gets a rude shove from Davis toward a boarding ladder.

DAVIS
Right this way, Mister.

PRENDICK
Fuck you. I'm not getting off here.

Montgomery approaches.

MONTGOMERY
(to the captain)
Take him to Moresby, he'll pay you.

DAVIS
He can swim.

MONTGOMERY
Look, I'll pay you.

Montgomery takes a wad of bills from his pants and offers them to Davis who knocks them out of his hand. They blow over the deck while sailors scramble for them.

DAVIS
I don't want your money...I piss on your money.

Montgomery speaks as he heads for the boarding ladder.

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13. CONT.

MONTGOMERY
You have to take him. He can't come here.

Montgomery disembarks as --

Prendick glances around to see that he is loosely ringed now by belligerent-looking sailors. Two of the sailors take him by the arms and he begins to struggle. He calls out to the launch which is pulling away.

PRENDICK
(desperate)
Montgomery! For Christ's sake!

He pulls free from the sailors and hits one of them hard enough to land him on the deck. Before he can go for the other one, several more are on him. The decked sailor rises and hits him in the stomach.

DAVIS
Adios, Mr. Prawn-dick. Give my regards to the U.N....Great work you people are doing. I hold you in very high regard...

Davis laughs maniacally as Prendick, doubled over, is hauled, still struggling, to the gangway. The launch has pushed off and a broadening gap of green water appears beneath Prendick who pushes back with all his strength now, trying to grab hold of the ship's rail.

Stronger hands pry loose his fingers and he plunges from the ship.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY 14.

Bubbles explode around him and he goes under for a moment before kicking his way back to the surface, gasping at the sudden shock of the water.

EXT. IN THE WATER - DAY 15.

Above him he sees the steep side of the freighter, already starting to move out, its engines throbbing, Davis standing at the rail still shouting unintelligible abuse at him.

He turns, trying to distance himself from the ship's propellers.

Then, with relief, he sees that the launch has turned back towards him. He is able to make out Montgomery in the bow. M'Ling watches him intently from the stern.

EXT.THE LAUNCH - DAY

The launch comes alongside him and the three brutish boatmen haul him awkwardly aboard where he crouches shivering, glancing around uneasily at his rescuers.

There is something strange about the features of the boatmen. They seem to be of some queer, brown-skinned race, their elfin faces peering out at him from beneath dirty turbans, lank black hair almost like horse hair framing their bright eyes.

As he meets their gaze, first one and then the other turn away from him in a deferential manner.

Montgomery looks at him as if he's just made a mistake.

MONTGOMERY
Well, couldn't let you drown.

PRENDICK
Yeah.

Prendick looks at the animal cargo.

PRENDICK
So these are yours.

As the launch comes about once more and starts back towards the island Montgomery is serious, even grim.

MONTGOMERY
That's right. I lied.
(beat)
This wasn't my idea. Remember that.

There is a soberness to Montgomery's voice that only deepens Prendick's unease as Montgomery turns away towards the approaching beach.

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAY 17.

Several LOCALS have assembled on the narrow jetty to meet the launch, some of them hopping up and down in undisguised excitement.

One of the boathands throws a rope ashore and the launch cuts its engines and makes fast.

Prendick steps ashore, looking dazedly about as the boatmen begin to unload, jabbering excitedly in their curious guttural voices, Montgomery shouts the occasional command above the clamor of the staghounds.

The island has the immediate lush beauty of all tropical Pacific islands. Birds call melodically from the surrounding lush

17. cont.

vegetation, giving one the impression that life teems just beyond view.

Prendick hears the SOUND of a grumbling engine and looks up to see a battered military flatbed come bouncing down the narrow track toward the jetty.

M'Ling passes him now, bearing a packing case and talking enthusiastically with one of his fellow BEARERS.

Montgomery steps up to him.

MONTGOMERY
There's no facilities for guests, but we can at least feed you.

PRENDICK
I won't be here long. Once I call I'm sure they'll send a boat or a plane.

MONTOGOMERY
Yeah, well when I left our COMSAT equipment was down. Everything in this damned place is falling apart.

M'Ling returns now, having loaded his burden on to the parked flatbed. He seems happy to be home. He rushes to a man in a white coat who has strangely dog like features. They embrace and rub faces against each other in a curiously lupine greeting. their words come amidst yelps of excitment.

MONTGOMERY
(to Prendick)
I'll have to ask that you restrict yourself to the main house. You know, insurance. The people who fund this operation are afraid you might twist your ankle and sue us.

PRENDICK
It's a litigious world. What kind of work is done here? What are the animals really for?

MONTGOMERY
It's your basic biological outpost...tropical research.

PRENDICK
These people...the natives.

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(off Montgomery's look)
They're very unusual looking.

MONTGOMERY
To be politically correct let's just say it's a limited gene pool.
(calls out)
Azazello!

Azazello, the man with doglike features in a white serving coat approaches.

MONTGOMERY
Azazello, Get back to the house and get us some breakfast. See what Mr. Prendick wants.

Montgomery turns to supervise the loading of a final crate onto the truck.

AZAZELLO
Sair, you want breakfast?

PRENDICK
Uhm..two eggs...some bacon...

AZAZELLO
(snickering nastily)
No bacon here. No eggs.

PRENDICK
Then whatever there is...some fruit?

AZAZELLO
Fruit and granola?

PRENDICK
Sure, that's fine.

AZAZELLO
Thank you, sair.

Azazello turns away, passing the rest of the group who finish loading the flatbed with the caged animals from the boat.

Montgomery breaks away from his work and comes over to Prendick.

MONTGOMERY
Give me a hand with these, will you?

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17. CONT.

He crouches beside one of the crates stacked near the end of the jetty and lifts it. Indicating another, Prendick lifts it and follows Montgomery a short distance from the jetty where he sets his burden down in a clump of brush on the beach near some hastily constructed hutches and the rusting remains of a pickup truck.

Montgomery opens one of the crates and starts removing white rabbits and putting them into the hutch.

MONTGOMERY
I heard you ask for bacon and eggs.

PRENDICK
Hey, I'm thankful for anything at this point.

MONTGOMERY
I happen to be a protein freak stuck in a vegetarian colony.

PRENDICK
None of the animals are eaten?

MONTGOMERY
Not yet.

Montgomery opens another of the crates. Several animals bolt out the open door and escape. He and Prendick grab for them but they make it to the surrounding jungle.

MONTGOMERY
Alright little ones, "Go ye forth and multiply"...Born to fuck, and they're so-o-o cute...

Montgomery returns his attention to the crate. Reaching in he removes the last rabbit, a large buck. The animal kicks and struggles in an attempt to join the others who have fled. Montgomery kneels, letting the rabbits feet touch the ground. He strokes the animal and calms it.

MONTGOMERY
Lusting for those runaway bunnies, eh, big guy?

With a conspiratorial smile he looks at Prendick.

MONTGOMERY
Think this fellow'd be missed?

Thinking Montgomery plans to release the rabbit, Prendick smiles, shrugs.

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17. CONT.

PRENDICK
Missed by whom?

MONTGOMERY
Right, by whom.

With a quick twist Montgomery breaks the rabbit's neck. The animal screams and dies. Prendick reacts.

MONTGOMERY
(off Prendick's look)
What, you don't like barbecued bunny?

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY 18.

The flatbed inches its way up the hill, laden down with a deadweight of cages and packing cases.

Prendick stands on the back of the truck as they pass an area where jungle borders the sides of the road. Among the trees he sees several spectacularly beautiful tropical birds, which seem totally unafraid, only curious at his passing. As they drive beneath a low bough, a large Bank's Cockatoo dips his head in a friendly gesture, causing Prendick to extend his hand, returning a gesture of friendship.

Clearing the jungle they reach the clearing and pass a main gate. The surrounding fields abound in sugar cane and workers can be seen cutting it with cane knives.

At the center of the compound is an old colonial-style building and a cluster of Nissan huts painted in a manner reminiscent of either camouflage or Aboriginal art. Beyond the roofs of the Nissan huts Prendick can see the top of a radio mast and two rusting satellite dishes.

The main house is surrounded by a wide lawn enclosed by an electric fence. At the bottom of the lawn is a wooden rostrum overlooking the compound gate and a flagpole from the top of which flies the emblem of the Tree of Life.

Further on Prendick is able to get a closer view of magnifiscent bright green aloes that surround the big house. As they pass close by one of the plants he can hear a low TRILLING SOUND emanating from its fleshy, tendrilled branches that seem to quiver in the breeze even when Prendick can feel no breeze.

The flatbed winds around the side of the big house and pulls up in a shady courtyard.

Montgomery ushers Prendick into the house.

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY 19.

Prendick finds himself in a large hall-turned-dining area, its walls lined with bookshelves and specimen cases.

Montgomery hesitates for a moment in the doorway.

MONTGOMERY
Stay here. And I mean, stay right here. I won't be long.

Montgomery steps into the nieghboring room and calls out --

MONTGOMERY
(calls out)
Moreau.

Alone, Prendick wanders the library. His gaze wanders over a series of old photos. In one a strong featured young man (Moreau) in his thirties stands with an attractive woman, both holding the reins of their horses in some wilderness setting. In another, the same man embraces a conductor and first violinist beside a piano on a concert stage. While Prendick examines a row of framed academic certificates hanging beside a row of crucified butterflies and Da Vinci anatomical sketches, he mouths the name "Moreau". Turning to the a yellowing certificate from the Nobel Committee, his eye goes to a medallion set against blue, the prize.

PRENDICK
(to himself)
Moreau, Dr. Moreau...

Prendick's reverie is interrupted by a distant WAIL of pain.

He listens intently for a beat. Silence. Then music begins. Somewhere in the background a song is comong from a CD player, the same love ballad heard in the opening scene.

Prendick turns slowly, drawn toward the source of the music.

On the far side of the room an open doorway leads through a small, densely planted arboretum to a sun drenched veranda facing the sea. Through it, beyond the foreground foliage, Prendick glimpses a figure moving gently to the music. A beautiful young woman, barefoot and clad in a sarong, turning slowly in a puddle of sunlight. Her eyes are closed, her only audience a bright green parrot watching from its perch at the far end of the veranda. Transfixed, Prendick moves towards her.

He stops amidst the foliage of the arboretum, taken by a sudden reverie.

The dancer faces him from a few feet away. At his glance her smile quickly fades to something akin to fear.

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19. CONT.

Prendick sees now that she has the same unusual tan as the islanders while her high, vaguely oriental cheekbones and light green eyes give her a somewhat feline cast.

He takes a step towards her. Like a child who has spoken out of turn, she demurs and backs away.

Prendick raises his hands to show he means no harm.

PRENDICK
Wait, it's all right...

AISSA
Who are you?

PRENDICK
I just got here.

She looks questioningly at him, still apprehensive.

PRENDICK
This morning. I came on the boat.

AISSA
Did the doctor bring you?

PRENDICK
Uh,...I came with Montgomery.

AISSA
You come from the sea?

PRENDICK
(nods)
Originally, I come from New York.

AISSA
(brightly)
Oh yes, New York! That's an island.

PRENDICK
That's right.

She looks intently at Prendick's hands, then holds up her own hands, counting her fingers.

AISSA
One..two...three...four... five! You're a Five Man!

Prendick looks at her in bewilderment.

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PRENDICK
My name's Ed Prendick.

AISSA
Pren-dick.

PRENDICK
Edward Prendick.

AISSA
Edward Pren-dick.

She kneels suddenly before him and, taking his hand, presses it to her lips in a curious form of greeting.

AISSA
You have small hands. It is good.

He looks with real interest at Aissa, and at that moment there comes something like a low GROWL from behind him. He turns to see Azazello and M'Ling (who has changed into a white coat) emerge from the study with his breakfast and a steaming pot of coffee on two serving trays.

Aissa draws away from them.

AZAZELLO
Your breakfast, Sair.

PRENDICK
Put it...uh...out here.

AZAZELLO
Yes, Sair.

Azazello and M'Ling lay his breakfast on a nearby table while Aissa keeps a cautious distance.

Prendick sits down and pours himself a coffee, motioning for Aissa to join him once M'Ling and Azazello have withdrawn to the study.

PRENDICK
I'm just going to eat. You want some coffee?

She shakes her head, and seats herself opposite him, peering in undisguised fascination at his face and hands.

AISSA
You're hands are so beautiful.

Prendick is charmed by this, amused, and quite turned on.

PRENDICK
Thanks. No one's ever noticed them before.

Azazello peers in at them once, furtively, from the study door. Aissa doesn't see him, but bristles slightly, knowing he's there.

PRENDICK
You're afraid of him.
(off her reaction)
Why?

AISSA
I don't know.

PRENDICK
But you are. I can see it in your face.

AISSA
I don't know.

PRENDICK
Are you from this island?

AISSA
The doctor brought me. No one was here before the doctor.

PRENDICK
Where are you from?

AISSA
I've always lived on the island. I've never lived anywhere else.

The apparent contradiction puzzles Prendick, forcing him to change his line of inquiry.

PRENDICK
Uh, will you tell me your name?

Aissa reacts with a start, stepping back from him. Prendick turns to find that Montgomery has appeared in a doorway behind him. He glances amusedly from her to Prendick, a smoldering joint poised between his thumb and forefinger.

MONTGOMERY
Well, I see we're getting acquainted.

Aissa pads quickly out of the room. Montgomery faces Prendick.

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19. CONT.

MONTGOMERY
(he sighs)
Lovely thing, little Aissa.

Montgomery offers the joint to Prendick, who declines it.

PRENDICK
I saw the awards...You have a Nobel Prize winner working here?

MONTGOMERY
Yeah, Moreau's a famous name in genetics. Or infamous, depending on who you listen to.

PRENDICK
Why infamous?

MONTGOMERY
He's a genius, so everybody who's not a genius hates his guts...Most scientific research is totally motivated by jealousy and greed. And vanity...don't want to forget vanity.

PRENDICK
How long has he been out here?

MONTGOMERY
Eighteen years. The animal rights boobies drove him to it. Got so in the States you couldn't cage a rat without reading him his rights.

PRENDICK
And you?

MONTGOMERY
Almost ten years for me.

He offers the joint to Prendick.

PRENDICK
No, thanks.
(cautious)
Listen, Montgomery...

MONTGOMERY
(not liking the tone)
What?

27

19. CONT.

PRENDICK
Your assistant, M'Ling. There's something kind of...his ears are strange. They're sort of pointed.

MONTGOMERY
What??? Pointed ears?? You're shitting me. Maybe he's a Vulcan. Did he attack you with unassailable logic?

Montgomery offers the joint. Prendick waves it off.

MONTGOMERY
No? You're missing out. Back when we dabbled in plant genes I created this. Like everything else on this Island some serious method went into this shit.

Another WAIL from the distance is heard. This time more pronounced, tinged with obvious pain.

PRENDICK
What is that? I heard it before.

Montgomery's expression hardens noticeably and he stands. Motioning Prendick to follow him --

MONTGOMERY
Come on, man. It's time I showed you your room.

PRENDICK
God damn it, Montgomery...talk to me!

MONTGOMERY
Ssssh!... Dig it...

Prendick joins Montgomery in the study door to see M'Ling and Aissa siting at one end of the room, listening as M'Ling reads from a children's book.

M'LING
(reads)
"Spot chased the cat"
The cat that ate the rat
That ate the cheese
Chewed the peas
And nested in the farmer's hat."

28

19. CONT.

Prendick looks across at Aissa and their gaze meets for an instant before she returns her eyes to M'Ling, reading artlessly aloud, placing odd stresses on phrases that were never meant to be stressed.

M'LING
(points)
Look, Spot is barking at the cat in a tree.
(giggles, to Aissa)
He wants to eat the cat. Spot doesn't know the law.

Montgomery speaks as he turns away --

MONTGOMERY
(affectionately
What a crew. Ya gotta love em.

Montgomery glances back noting his expression.

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - DAY 20.

Montgomery leads Prendick across the hall to the open door of a small apartment, plainly but comfortably furnished.

Some clothes have been laid out for Prendick, and there is a filled bookshelf, which Prendick studies for a moment.

There is a low bed in the darkest corner of the room, shrouded in mosquito netting and a small barred window looking out towards the sea.

PRENDICK
Barred windows...to keep the locals out, or me in?

MONTGOMERY
You don't like your room? You should have kept swimming.

PRENDICK
Any update on the COMSAT equipment?

MONTGOMERY
I haven't checked on it.

At that moment a third figure appears in the doorway. An agitated looking ISLANDER dressed in a surgical smock.

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20. CONT.

WAGGDI
Mr. Montgomery, Sir, you must come at once. The contractions have started.

MONTGOMERY
Alright, Waggdi. I'm on my way.
(to Prendick)
Oh Christ, here we go again.

He steps lightly out of the room, drawing the door shut behind him.

Just before it closes Prendick catches a glimpse of Montgomery's face through the narrowing crack.

MONTGOMERY
Sorry about this, Eddie. Got to keep you safe.

Prendick starts towards him but Montgomery closes the door in his face and he hears the SOUND OF A KEY being turned.

PRENDICK
Hey, c'mon, open the damn door.

MONTGOMERY
It's for your own good.

Prendick rattles the door furiously before turning to face the room, the barred window, the brillant sunlight and the green fans of the trees beyond. Suddenly, a piercing howl of pain comes from somewhere outside. Prendick's eyes search the surrounding jungle for the source, but there is nothing.

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - DUSK (A LITTLE LATER) 21.

Prendick sits on the bed, glancing through a pile of dog-eared magazines that are on the table beside the bed. As he takes another TIME, he reacts to the cover. A picture of Moreau surrounded by a tableau of helixes and medallions with profiles of Nobel.

We see him flip through the pages to the article which is headlined: "Moreau, Future hopes...or fears?"

Prendick tries to read as the howl comes again followed by others. Some creature in agony, perhaps closer to death than before, it's cries building to such an exquisite expression of suffering that it is as though all the pain in the world has found a single voice.

30

21. Cont.

He drops the magazine and goes to the window. As he looks out into the crepuscular gloom of the jungle, the howls diminish and gradually stop. Prendick goes to the bed and lies down, relieved by the returned silence of the approaching night.

Through drifting mosquito netting,

DISSOLVE TO:

We see the following (Prendick's P.O.V.) as though through a nightmare:

Prendick is alone, deep in sleep, through which he can hear the SCREAMS, now at an unbearable pitch.

INT. THE WOMB - NIGHT 22.

An unborn CHILD pushes through the red-veined darkness, eyes still closed, squeezed shut as if anguished by this transition from one world to another.

In the darkness of the womb the child twists and SCREAMS.

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 23.

Prendick sits bolt upright on the bed. It takes him only a moment to realize that the pitch of the cries has changed. They no longer sound like the howling of man nor beast, but have become instead the screams of a child in pain.

Prendick turns and goes to the door a bit unsteadily. He tries it. Still locked.

Kneeling down, he examines the old style lock. In reaction to something he's seen, picks up the TIME magazine and slides it under the door. Then he reaches to a hat stand beside the door and removes a wire coat hanger. Quickly bending it, he pokes it into the lock and works it around. A few thrusts and he forces the key out the other side.

It drops on the magazine's cover picture of Moreau. Prendick draws it back and takes the key.

The screaming subsides as Prendick unlocks the door and opens it. After a beat of hesitation he exits into the empty hallway.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - PRE-DAWN 24.

Prendick comes down a stairway into the empty gloom of the house. He moves along toward a large window that opens off the hallway.

Peering out, Prendick sees---

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EXT. A KITCHEN COURTYARD - PRE-DAWN 25.

In the dim light of morning, Azazello is cutting up the skinned and gutted rabbit which bears a disturbing resemblance to the fetus of Prendick's nightmare.

The kitchen courtyard is an area nearly touched by the surrounding growth of the jungle. As Azazello works he reacts to an animal movement in the surrounding brush. A vague shadowy face appears, staring at the preparation of the meat.

AZAZELLO
Get away!

Azazello pitches a stone. The face disappears and the creature retreats nosily into the brush.

INT. HALLWAY -PRE-DAWN 26.

Another scream is heard from outside the house and Prendick moves on.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - JUST BEFORE DAWN 27.

Prendick stands in the lighted doorway of the big house for a moment, realizing now that the cries are coming from the lighted complex of Nissan huts across the yard.

As he starts toward the huts he suddenly bumps Aissa who has emerged from the shadows of the hedges. Knowing his purpose, she takes his arm.

PRENDICK
What? What the hell is that?

AISSA
You mustn't go there!

PRENDICK
It's a child screaming!

AISSA
It's forbidden!

Prendick starts towards the source of the screams, breaking free of Aissa, who does not dare to follow him further.

Behind the house, he stumbles across the pile of baseball equipment; gloves, a catcher's mask, some bats. He grabs a bat and goes on.

32

27. CONT.

AISSA

No Prendick! It's the house of pain! We're born in pain. We die in pain. That's where our father does his work...No one may enter it!

INT. THE LABORATORY - JUST BEFORE DAWN 28.

Prendick's entrance is drowned out by the clamoring of caged animals, going mad with fear at the sound of the screaming child.

He stalks slowly down an aisle between the cages, baseball bat raised, looking around in the light of the naked bulbs overhead, noting the occupants of the cages. Dogs, monkeys, big and small cats.

He sees movement up ahead and his knuckles whiten on the handle of the bat.

Beyond the cages is a laboratory area, a maze of computer consoles and arcane apparatus linked by suspended tubes and cabling to a row of glass tanks and glowing incubators. At the far end of the laboratory area a group of figures in stained surgical masks and smocks are ringed about an eccentric, custom-built operating table.

The figures shift slightly and for a moment Prendick catches a glimpse of hairy legs that might be human fastened to raised steel stirrups that have more in common with medieval torture than obstetrics.

Then he sees Moreau. His gaze still focused on the centrum of the carnage Moreau pulls down his mask. His intense dark eyes are offset by the pallid whiteness of his skin. His hands reach forward beneath the blood stained linens and he steps back from the table. Prendick now sees at last where the cries are coming from.

Moreau is cradling a screaming mutant child in his arms.

A wriggling, squalling thing, more dog than man, umbilical cord still dangling from its distended belly, eyes already open and hideously aware.

Prendick staggers back with a groan and Moreau catches sight of him, his face growing white and terrible.

PRENDICK
(shuddering)
Oh, my God!

Montgomery sees him.

33

28. Cont.

MONTGOMERY
Oh shit...

Moreau regards Prendick with the trifling annoyance of a man who has just seen a fly on his food.

MOREAU
(a near whisper)
Get him out.

Montgomery starts forward, trying to come between Prendick and Moreau. Prendick takes a defensive stance with the bat.

PRENDICK
Stay away from me!

MONTGOMERY
Whatever you think is going on here, you're wrong.

PRENDICK
You sick bastards.

Prendick retreats toward the exit, brandishing the bat to keep them at bay.

He backs into a large assemblage of tubes and glass retorts which crashes to the floor. Monkeys shriek and animal sounds erupt from all sides as Prendick, totally freaked, beats a retreat to the door.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAWN 29.

As Prendick backs out the door he is touched from behind by Aissa who startles him. He spins around and nearly swings on her with the bat. She cowers. Prendick reaches out and takes her wrist.

Aissa stares at him wide eyed as he pulls her away from the lab...

INT. THE LABORATORY - DAWN 30.

Moreau places the mutant infant on a scale. Montgomery speaks to him.

MONTGOMERY
He's a lawyer. He works in human rights. We've got enough trouble without that.

Moreau seems more interested in the infant's weight.

MONTGOMERY
You'll have to speak with him. Put a spin on this.

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30. Cont.

Moreau speaks as he adjusts the scale.

MOREAU
Bring him into the study, pour him a glass of Port. I'll be there when I've disposed of this.

The large-eyed creature peers at Moreau and moans on the weighing tray --

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAWN 31.

Prendick leads Aissa to an area of tropical overgrowth near the main house.

PRENDICK
Listen, you've got to help me. I have to get away from here.

AISSA
I can't help you! You've broken the Law!

PRENDICK
What law?

AISSA
You entered the house of pain. You've seen what is forbidden to see.
(beat)
I don't know what to do. He's my father! I fear him...

She takes Prendick's hand, holds it.

PRENDICK
Just show me the way out of here. I promise I'll take care of you.

Aissa looks with terrible confusion at the house.

PRENDICK
Aissa, Please, there's no time...They'll come after me.

Aissa grabs his hand. They break into a run. Aissa stops and turns once, looking back at the house with some incredible longing. Then she runs on.

Montgomery comes dashing out of the laboratory and tries to intercept them, but Prendick swings the baseball bat at his face and he ducks out of the way, stumbles back and falls.

35

MONTGOMERY
Eddie! Come on, don't be an asshole! Let's have a drink. I'll tell you what it's all about.

Prendick keeps running, following Aissa past the singing aloes towards the dark wall of the rain forest.

MONTGOMERY
Come back! I'm warning you man, there's some pretty unstable phenomena out there.

He fires the gun in the air.

Aissa leads Prendick to a section of the fence where the trees have invaded the compound and he sees a jagged gap in the wire mesh, hidden from the house by luxuriant foliage.

He starts through the hole, pinning back a loose flap of the fence with the handle of the baseball bat.

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - EARLY MORNING 32.

The forest is so dense that after only going a few yards the compound is already lost from Prendick's sight.

AISSA
They'll find us wherever we go.

PRENDICK
We have to get to the launch.

AISSA
To the sea? You'll take me with you?

Prendick looks at her for a moment.

PRENDICK
Yes.

AISSA
To New York?

Prendick almost smiles at her innocence.

PRENDICK
Yes. New York.

They reach the edge of the forest now and through the trees Prendick can see the dawn coming up over the sparkling ocean. Up ahead, the beach seems deserted save for two sleeping ISLANDERS

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32. Cont.

who lie some way off beside the smoking embers of a campfire. Prendick slows, looking cautiously around, his eyes fixed on the jetty and the launch bobbing at its moorings.

PRENDICK
We'll need fuel to make it to the shipping lane. Do you know where they keep the diesel?

Aissa points toward a storage shed well back from the water.

AISSA
In that shed.

Prendick is about to start towards the shed when the SOUND OF A TANNOY comes drifting down the beach followed by the low GROWL of a diesel engine. The two sleeping figures beside the camp stir now, starting to their feet and coming to attention.

PRENDICK
Shit.

He draws back into the undergrowth as the flatbed comes rattling down the track from the big house, Montgomery standing in the back, a loud hailer in one hand. The flatbed pulls up beside the jetty, disgorging a host of doglike FIGURES carrying electric cattle prods.

They fan out across the beach, the rising sun at their backs while Montgomery barks instructions to them through the loud hailer.

MONTGOMERY
The Man from the Sea has broken the Law! Find him for me and bring him back!

The two figures beside the campfire prostrate themselves on the sand, crying out in unison.

ONLOOKERS
Back to the House of Pain, Master! Back to the House of Pain!

Aissa tugs urgently at Prendick's shoulder and he turns, following her deeper into the forest.

AISSA
We'll go to the village. The men there will know what to do.

PRENDICK
...where the islanders live.

32. CONT.

AISSA
They're good. You can trust them.

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - DAY 33.

Still not totally convinced he can trust her, Prendick follows Aissa, weaving through the undergrowth as they climb the flank of a densely forested ridge. Prendick glances around at the vegetation, the rustling and scurrying of myriad unseen lives.

They emerge from the trees into the bank of a shallow stream and Aissa freezes suddenly in fear.

LO-MAI, a naked MAN, his skin covered in patches of spotted fur, crouches on all fours beside the stream, supping up water like an animal. He senses their presence and glances up guiltily, his eyes going at once to Prendick. He starts to his feet, wiping his mouth, and Prendick sees his lips are rimmed with blood.

LO-MAI
No!

Hearing a rustling in the nearby bushes Prendick turns and he alone sees --

Another creature peering at him from the foliage. Large eyed, round eared, his head lowered with an odd half smile curling the lips on his blood covered muzzle. He is the HYENA-SWINE MAN.

Prendick takes a step towards him, looking him steadfastly in the eye, clutching the baseball bat with both his hands.

The Hyena-swine skulking sideways, keeping his flank to his enemy in the retreat style of the creature from which he is partly evolved, vanishes.

Prendick, startled, looks back now to see Aissa sniffing the air, her brow furrowed, a curious far-off look in her eyes. He follows her gaze, seeing a trail of bright crimson drops dotting the foliage.

The trail leads to the body of the dead rabbit, its remains wedged in the fork of a tree. It is one of the rabbits from the beach but it has been savagely mutilated, the carcass glistening with flies.

Aissa glances back at Prendick, her face growing solemn.

AISSA
They are the bad ones. Now they've broken the Law. They'll go back to the House of Pain.

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33. CONT.

PRENDICK
(tentative)
The bad ones?

AISSA
Those who don't respect the Way.

A staghound BAYS from somewhere behind them and Prendick glances at her uneasily. Aissa darts forward once more, beckoning for him to follow her.

She sets off swiftly through the trees, moving at such a quick pace that Prendick has to struggle hard to keep up with her.

AISSA
Quicker, you have to run.

EXT. OPEN SPACE - DAY 34.

At length they come to an open space in the forest and Aissa pauses once more to let him catch up. Ahead in the center of the glade surrounding the fungoid ruins of a huge, fallen tree and THREE TAILED FIGURES, more like attenuated sloths walking on their hind legs than men, their naked bodies covered in a fine silvery fur, their long necks surmounted by odd chinless faces and eyes like dark pools of honey.

They are engaged in picking some kind of fruit, pulling down prickly husks from the trees and scooping out the fleshy contents.

Prendick looks questioningly at Aissa.

AISSA
The Silent Ones. He didn't give them speech.

PRENDICK
Who, Moreau?

AISSA
They were the first of his children.

Prendick is about to return his attention to the creatures in the clearing when a FIGURE in a bright Hawaiian shirt steps from the surrounding undergrowth. The silent ones bolt, melting into the trees.

ASSASSIMON
You! You! You! You!

Prendick turns to face the newcomer, a curiously simian individual with long forearms and a heavy brow overshadowing bright, curious eyes.

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ASSASSIMON
You! you! you! In the boat.

PRENDICK
Right....I came in the boat.

ASSASSIMON
You play ball with us now?

Prendick glances awkwardly at the bat he's holding.

ASSASSIMON
Can you hit the ball?

PRENDICK
(going with it)
Sure, I batted two ninety three when I played for the Cards.

ASSASSIMON
Good. We need a power hitter very much to hit the long ball.
(smiling conspiratorially)
I'm the pitcher. My name is Assassimon.

AISSA
He's a Five Man like you.

She takes Prendick's hand and holds it out so Assassimon can see. Assassimon counts Prendick's fingers carefully, holding out his own for comparison.

ASSASSIMON
It's very good. We'll tell Kiril!

He swings around, gesturing for them to follow and then goes trotting off, his hands hanging down and his jaw thrust forward.

AISSA
See, you're alright here. You'll be safe with me. Everyone here respects the Way.

Prendick turns to Aissa and takes her hand. As they walk the Gibbon man swings down out of the trees and follows them at a distance.

40

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY 35.

Approaching a settlement Prendick and Aissa pass through a long abandoned toxic waste dump. Rusting barrels of noxious chemicals jut from the soil amidst the stumps of dead or dying trees.

Where the vegatation comes back to life, they enter a graveyard of abandoned second world war aircraft that have been converted into rude dwellings.

Several of the villagers come shambling out of the fusilage sections to watch them. A group of deformed, dog-like children follow, jibing at their heels.

At the far end of the graveyard a concrete bunker can be seen. Assassimon disappears into the doorway. Aissa and Prendick follow.

INT. ABANDONED BUNKER - DAY 36.

Prendick glances around, wrinkling his nose at the pungent odor. The ground is covered with decaying fruit pulp and other refuse and the air here is thick with smoke.

Something brushes his leg and he starts violently, looking down to see a dim pinkish thing resembling a flayed child pawing at his trousers.

Assassimon reappears, and Aissa tugs him by the arm.

AISSA
Here. This is our home now. You like it?

PRENDICK
Yeah, great. Just like the Hospitality Suite at the Bronx Zoo.

She gives him an uncomprehending, almost hurt look.

AISSA
It's wrong?

PRENDICK
(melting)
No. It's fine.

She leads him towards a shadowy aperture and he takes a deep breath. From inside the bunker they descend a narrow stairwell.

INT. KIRIL'S DEN - DAY 37.

Prendick finds himself in a semi-circular space shaped like the half of a beehive. There are rusting munitions boxes and other refuse from a military occupation half century ago. Rough vessels

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37. Cont.

of lava and wood stand about the floor and one on a rough stool. In the darkest corner of the chamber sits a shapeless mass of darkness that GRUNTS as Prendick enters.

KIRIL
Hey!

Assissimon stands in the dim light of the doorway and holds out a split coconut to Prendick as he crawls into the other corner to crouch beside Aissa. The little pink Sloth Creature stands peering in from the aperture, and something else with a drab face and bright eyes comes to stare over its shoulder.

KIRIL
Hey!

ASSISSIMON
It's a man! Look, a man!

KIRIL
Shut up.

Kiril pulls himself upright, his head brushing the ceiling, forcing him to hold his huge, bearish frame in a melancholic stoop.

He peers shortsightedly down at Prendick who looks him in the eye in as friendly a manner as he can muster. Kiril rummages in the shadows beside his bed and produces a battered portable stereo.

KIRIL
You have batteries? I need the Energizer.

PRENDICK
No...I'm sorry...

AISSA
He's new. He came on the ship.

KIRIL
Then you must learn the Law.

PRENDICK
That's really not necessary. I'm a lawyer and I...

KIRIL
(dismissive)
This way,...

Kiril turns and motions towards a passageway leading deeper into the hillside.

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37. CONT.

KIRIL
Through here...Follow!

Prendick starts forward with trepidation.

INT. THE LOWER BUNKERS - DAY 38.

With Kiril showing the way, they go down a corridor to an old cage lift. A beast man turns a winche that lowers them down to a huge, central chamber lit by a blast hole in the ceiling that opens to the sky.

The chamber is lined with crouching FIGURES, their eyes glinting in the half light, their outlines made hazy by the greasy smoke rising from the embers of a fire on the floor beyond. Prendick sees now that the walls of the cave are covered with elaborate paintings. Innumerable twisted stick figures dance across the rock faces, rising from four legs to two, from beast to man and encircling on the far wall a huge rendition of the Tree of Life, the spiraling ladder of the D.N.A. double helices.

The bear man turns now towards Prendick, who stands awestruck.

KIRIL
This is the House of the Law.
I am the Keeper of the Way.
Only a few can ever enter
here.

Kiril takes down a conch shell that hangs beside the entrance and, placing it to his lips, blows a mighty BLAST, setting off a MUMURING that ripples throughout the cavern.

A FIGURE appears now before the painted helices, stepping into the shaft of light that falls from the crevice high above. A hooded figure in a stained white suit and battered Panama hat who is holding a grisly fetish staff.

PRENDICK
Moreau...

He starts to raise the bat, but then sees that it is not the doctor after all. The suit is too filthy and the beard he now realizes is made from tufts of dyed hair affixed to a painted wooden mask. The mask, however, fails to disguise the two huge ram horns that curl from the sides of this grotesque head.

SAYER OF THE LAW
Who is there?

KIRIL
A Five Man, from the sea!
He's come to learn the Law! To
respect the Way!

43

At this, a sudden clamoring of pipes and drums comes from the galley above and several of the shadowy figures closest to them turn towards Prendick, crowding around him, touching his hair and clothes, taking him by the hands and dragging him further into the chamber.

A corpulent SOW LADY, her heavy thighs painted with grey mud, approaches him, draping a garland of wild flowers around his neck. She makes as if to embrace him, and he recoils in revulsion, as Aissa lashes out at her, forcing her to withdraw.

AISSA
Get away from him! He's mine!

Prendick looks back at her uneasily, catching an unmistakable feral gleam in her eyes. There is a lull in the clamoring and the Sayer of the Law calls attention by banging his fetish staff against the rocks.

SAYER OF THE LAW
Not to walk on all-fours; that is the Law.

Prendick says nothing; Kiril nudges him firmly.

KIRIL
Say it.

PRENDICK
What?

KIRIL
Repeat the law.

PRENDICK
(annoyed)
Not to walk on all-fours.
(then after prompting from Kiril)
That is the Law.

The crowd echos his words and the ceremony begins.

The Sayer of the Law intones the mad litany, line by line, and the crowd repeats it, swaying from side to side and beating their hands on their knees.

44

ALL
Not to walk on all-fours; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to suck up drink; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to eat flesh not fish; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to claw the bark of trees; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to chase other men; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to couple any which-way; that is the Law. Are we not men?

Prendick is transfixed by this powerful and moving travesty of human ritual. He stares amazed as the crowd sways, faster and faster. There is a loud MUSICAL PUNCTUATION from the upper gallery and the chanting swings to a new formula.

SAYER OF THE LAW
The punishments of those who break the Law are terrible. None escape.

ALL
None escape. His is the House of Pain. His is the Hand that makes. His is the Hand that wounds. His is the Hand that heals. None escape!

Assassimon comes forward, as if to confess to the congregation.

ASSASSIMON
None escape! See, I did a wrong thing once, it was a little thing...I jab-bered...I stopped talking. No one could understand me. Look!
(he holds out his hand.)
I am burned, branded here on the hand. And now I talk! He is great! He is good!

45

38. CONT.

SAYER OF THE LAW
Sooner or later, everyone will want a thing that is bad. What you will want we do not know. Some want to follow things that move, to watch and slink and spring, to kill and bite, bite deep and rich, sucking all the warm blood...It is bad! Men do not chase other men; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to eat flesh nor fish, never; that is the Law. Are we not men? To couple only with one; that is the Law.

The congregation is hypnotized by the ritual of this.

SAYER OF THE LAW
Some go scratching at the graves of the dead; some go fighting with foreheads or claws, some bite suddenly without warning, some go snuffing at the earth, some love uncleanness, some make wild and random fornication every which-way...it is bad.

ASSASSIMON
None escape!

Suddenly there the SOUND OF GUNFIRE is heard outside. A murmuring starts amongst those assembled and above their voices Prendick hears the distant roar of the truck.

ASSASSIMON
He's coming! He's coming!

There is a cacophonic CLASH OF PERCUSSION from the upper gallery and the entire congregation starts towards the door at once in a furry tumult of struggling, misshapen forms, almost trampling Prendick underfoot.

He swiftly loses sight of Kiril and Aissa, allowing the crowd to suck him towards the door, hearing now the SOUND of the loud hailer come from somewhere outside.

MONTGOMERY(O.S.)
He's here! We know he's here! Everyone out. Right now!

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY 39.

Prendick bursts blinking into the daylight, the last stragglers of the congregation still lurching past him to join the crowd that is gathering at the mouth of the canyon.

Prendick pushes through them, peering over the hunched shoulders and pointed ears to see a nightmarish procession approaching. The truck rattles slowly up a rough road toward the settlement. Moreau is sitting on an armchair anchored to the truckbed. His pale face is shadowed by the brim of his Panama hat, a bullwhip in his hands. He is flanked by a retinue of DOG MEN who carry whips as well as M'Ling, Azazello, and Waggdi who control the leashes of the staghounds. The truck stops in a cloud of dust.

Villagers rush forward, a carpet is laid down and a carved stool placed so that he can step on it. The villagers watch in awe as Moreau gets down.

Montgomery steps from the cab, a gun in one hand and the loud hailer in the other.

Prendick turns to see that his way back through the canyon is blocked by more of the villagers. He ducks down, trying to hide himself in the crowd.

Beyond the huts the wall of the rainforest is tantalizingly close yet hopelessly far away. Moreau is almost parallel with him now, his eyes like splinters of ice as he surveys the crowd. Behind him Montgomery raises the loud hailer.

MONTGOMERY
I know he's in there. Better give him up. I mean now!

SAYER OF THE LAW
Evil is he who breaks the Law!

MONTGOMERY
And you know what happens when you break the law, don't you? You shaggy little fucker...

ALL (CHORUS)
Back to the House of Pain!
Back to the House of Pain, Master!

MONTGOMERY
You got it, boys and girls...back to the House of Pain. Come on now...where is he?

The villagers slowly turn their snouts towards Prendick who tries to make a run for it, dashing his shoulder into one clumsy figure and flinging him forward into another.

47

39. CONT.

The little pink sloth creature grasps at his legs and he delivers a savage blow to its face with the baseball bat.

MOREAU
STOP! HOLD HIM!

He looks with incredible severity at Aissa. She looks imploringly back.

AISSA
Father, please...

A forest of hands clutch at Prendick. He pitches headlong through the crowd and tackles Montgomery, both of them going down for a moment, grappling desperately for the automatic.

MONTGOMERY
God, Eddie, you're turning into a real pain in the ass.

Prendick slams his jaw with his fist and wrestling his fingers from the trigger guard regains his feet. The Dog men come loping up to him, brandishing their cattle prods.

Prendick raises the gun and fires a shot into the air.

PRENDICK
BACK, YOU FUCKING FREAKS!

He aims at Moreau.

MOREAU
Mr. Prendick, please...

PRENDICK
What have you done to these people? You've mutilated them... Made slaves of them.

The Dog men grab Prendick and hurl him back from Montgomery.

PRENDICK
They were human. What are they now?

MOREAU
We should all go back to the house. You're owed an explanation of what we do here..

Prendick shouts at the gathering.

48

PRENDICK
Listen! All of you! There's a hundred of you, and only two of them! Can't you see how the master fears you? You don't have to obey! They aren't gods!

MOREAU
Prendick!

MONTGOMERY
Back off, man! Don't start something that might end in tears.

The villagers seem puzzled, staring wonderingly at Prendick. They edge closer and Moreau cracks his whip, causing them to retreat once more.

PRENDICK
You're frightened of them, aren't you? Afraid they'll turn on you.

Moreau steps closer to Prendick, so close that the barrel of Prendick's gun is almost touching his chest.

MOREAU
I am not your enemy.

Moreau gets really close, pressing against the gun. There is a collective gasp from the gathering.

MOREAU
It mustn't appear that there is a conflict between us.

Moreau puts an arm on Prendick's shoulder. He speaks quickly in a near whisper.

MOREAU
They are not men. Do you understand? They are hybrids! Chromatic hybrids! Chimerae! Experiments in a humanizing process.

PRENDICK
They're animals...fucking animals?

MOREAU
Please, Mr. Prendick, they're not without sensitivity.

Montgomery moves towards them, still nursing his jaw. Prendick swings the gun to cover them both.

49

MONTGOMERY
Eddie, we hunted you for your own good. You might not have survived the night out here on your own.

PRENDICK
That woman I saw on the operating table.

MOREAU
What you saw was not a human. Listen Mr. Prendick, you're certainly entitled to ethical concerns about our research, but have the decency to hear us out.

MONTGOMERY
C'mon Eddie, stop pointing that thing at my head.

MOREAU
We mean you no harm. Our only intention is to get you safely on your way.

PRENDICK
Oh, right...but I suppose the COMSAT equipment is still down.

MOREAU
It is in fact. Do you want to know the reason? There's been a nuclear exchange between India and Pakistan. We heard it on the short wave.

Prendick is stricken.

MOREAU
All COMSAT communication is restricted to military usage.

PRENDICK
A war?

MOREAU
The rumble of a distant storm that brings a new imperative to our survival...to the work we do.

50

39. cont.

For a moment there is silence as Prendick deliberates, the beast people standing silently ringed around him, then he slowly lowers the gun.

INT. LABORATORY - DUSK 40.

Moreau gingerly lifts the vinyl sheet, and Prendick peers down with distaste bordering on revulsion at the mutilated body strapped to the operating table. The automatic is still clutched in his hand.

Moreau watches him cooly.

MOREAU
You tell me, is that human?

PRENDICK
No. but she's not an animal either...some kind of mutation like the others.

MOREAU
Mutation is imprecise. Strictly speaking they're all hybrids, genetic hybrids. Chimaerae is our word of choice.

Prendick looks uncomprehendingly at him.

MOREAU
Animals moulded in the image of man. This one died in childbirth as do many. Their bodies are ill equipt for the rigors of surrogate parenting.

PRENDICK
I've heard you people are desperate for grant money. But animals into humans, don't you think that's a reach.

Moreau draws the sheet over the woman's remains again and turns away from the operating table; Prendick follows.

MOREAU
If you needed a new liver, lungs, or a spleen totally compatable with your own genetic make up...would you call it a reach?

51

PRENDICK
You'll only succeed in filling tabloid headlines. There's no market for home made people. Creating these things is immoral.

MOREAU
And war, generated by the twisted laws of nations...is that the moral highground? I'm working to improve mankind Mr. Prendick. Naturally, what I create must have human form.

PRENDICK
I don't see this as an improvement.

MOREAU
Don't judge a work in progress. In my life I've improved many living things. I created a wheat that grows in the Sahara and plants that attack their own predators. The potential for refinement in humans is limitless. Violence can be channeled into courage and duty. Sexuality transmuted into religious ecstasy. Imagine a creature devoid of agression and venality, a creature of pure mind, of light and reason.

PRENDICK
Imagining that is a little hard with screams still ringing in my ears.

MOREAU
So long as your primitive morality is based on pain, you remain an animal yourself, Mr. Prendick. Pain and it's depraved twin pleasure are the mark of the beast upon us.We must leave those things behind us if our race is ever to realize its true potential upon this planet.

Moreau draws a sheet over the woman. He turns away and Prendick follows him.

40. Cont.

The geneticist dons a curious pair of goggles, handing a pair to Prendick.

MOREAU
If you will.

Moreau demonstrates the laboratory's centerpiece, a combined laser and electron microscope, its needle thin beam focused minutely on a tiny slide, its glow bathing the room in an eerie ultraviolet luminescence.

MOREAU
My real work is done here through laser surgery at a molecular level...the isolation and transfer of specific gene sequences before the fertilized egg is implanted into the surrogate mother.

The beam of the laser moves down into a subatomic world that is suddenly ablaze with light. Rising before them are the spiraling helices of the DNA molecule, the fundamental building block of life spinning in the laser's glare.

INT. THE LAB - A MONITOR - NIGHT 41.

We are watching the early days of the experiment. Moreau, younger now, oversees the work of a chain-smoking behaviorist.

MOREAU
I started on plants before moving up through herbivores to carnivores to capitalize on the intelligence that go with predation. Then, taking a gorilla, I made my first "Man".

The videotape CUTS to a shaky handheld shot of a squat, dark-skinned APE MAN walking on the front lawn, holding hands with Moreau.

MOREAU
We took him from his surrogate mother at birth and raised him here in the compound. Dr. Conway was with me then. She named him Prima.

Prendick watches now as as attractive chain-smoking woman, DR. CONWAY, submits Prima to a battery of intelligence tests, flashcards, and reading-readiness tests.

53

41. CONT.

MOREAU
By the age of five, Prima could speak English at least as well as the average human child of the same age. Conway was incredibly gifted in communicating with him.

Dr. Conway holds up a drawing of a suburban street. All appears normal in the picture save for the presence of a car with square wheels and an elegant-looking woman who is strolling down the sidewalk with a tiger on a leash.

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)
Now, Prima, can you see anything wrong with this picture?

Prima scratches his head.

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)
Come on, Prima. Big thinks, baby. Big thinks.

Prima extends his hand to touch the square wheel but ignores the tiger.

PRIMA (ON TAPE)
Car?

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)
Ver-ry good!

She makes a mark in her notebook, the shadow of a frown crossing her face.

INT. THE LAB - NIGHT 42.

MOREAU
It's impossible, really, to gauge non-human intelligence by human standards.

Moreau's eyes shine with intense feeling as he watches Conway on the screen.

MOREAU
Conway worked tirelessly with them. She was so dedicated...inspired.

INT. THE LAB - A MONITOR - NIGHT 43.

Dr. Conway produces another drawing, a depiction of several objects, a house, a chair, a tree, a flower and a hat.

54

43. CONT.

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)
Now, Prima, which one do you go to when there's a storm? When it's wet and raining?

PRIMA (ON TAPE)
Tree.

He touches the drawing and Dr. Conway shakes her head.

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)
No, Prima. You go to the house when it rains.

Prima frowns and bows his head, his shoulders hunched.

PRIMA (ON TAPE)
Damn me good.

Prima takes one of Dr. Conway's cigarettes and lights it, smoking nervously as though afraid it might be taken from him.

INT. THE LAB - NIGHT 44.

MOREAU
Today the population of our island stands at more than sixty. That's not counting the creatures without human speech or form. Altogether I've made over a hundred and twenty, some had to be destroyed.

Prendick reacts to this word.

PRENDICK
What happened to Dr. Conway?

MOREAU
Dr. Conway died.

INT. THE LAB - A MONITOR - NIGHT 45.

The video images give way to scenes of carnage, the laboratory floor awash with blood.

55

45. CONT.

MOREAU
(with difficulty)
An experiment that got out of control. A thing with a human face that moved like a snake. Incredibly strong, enraged by the pain of creation...It killed her, then escaped.

The video shows the creature dead in the long grass. Dog men surround it, staring in fear and awe.

MOREAU
We cornered it and destroyed it. In the chaos other creatures escaped as well. Regretably, there was some hybridization beyond my control.

INT. THE LAB - NIGHT 46.

Moreau reaches for the remote control and stops the tape.

MOREAU
Her death was a tragedy for me. I must see that it wasn't for nothing.

PRENDICK
Do the people who fund you know about this?

MOREAU
The Foundation for the Humanities?... Surely you know of them?

PRENDICK
(bothered)
They sponsor UN work involving human rights...

MOREAU
Including your own?

Prendick says nothing, but it's probably true.

PRENDICK
Aren't you ever afraid?

MOREAU
Of what?

56

46. CONT.

PRENDICK
That you're going too far...That you've already gone too far.

This slightly changes the temperature. Moreau seems from here on to be drifting away from Prendick.

MOREAU
I was researching. It led this way and I followed it. That's what pure research is, Mr. Prendick. It takes one beyond fear. Sometimes I succeed beyond my ambition. Usually I fall far below it. I bring them to within a hair's breadth of humanity but little by little they revert. The brain is stable. I've had great success shaping the brain...It's something else. The Soul maybe...the soul of the beast that calls them back...

crossing a line

He seems to no longer be speaking to Prendick, or to anybody else.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DUSK 47.

We see a view of the enclosure in the growing shadows of afternoon.

The sound of a CNN broadcast can be heard intoning World News.

CNN (O.S.)
Reports have put casualties as high as six hundred thousand in what is now the third day of continuous conflict...

INT. A BATHROOM - DUSK 48.

While the radio can be heard in the background, Aissa stands in front of the mirror plucking at several hairs that have appeared on her cheek.

CNN (O.S.)
Emergency sessions of the UN Security Council have brought no promise of a truce, but an increasing threat that neighboring nations may join the conflict.

57

INT. PRENDICK'S ROOM - DUSK 49.

Prendick is on his bed watching a small portable TV on the bedside table. Aissa steps silently into the room. Apparently uninterested in the TV, she watches Prendick.

CNN(O.S.)
For an on the scene assessment we go to Molly Zuckerman, in Islamabad,...

ZUCKERMAN(V.O.)
Yes, since yesterday the city has begun to swell with refugees, arriving by every means possible as...

Prendick settles back on the bed and Aissa's hand reaches over and turns the TV off. He lies in the near darkness, preferring the wild animal noises to the voice from the world beyond.

As his gaze drifts to the open door of his room, the sight of something brings a trace of smile to his face.

Aissa stands at the doorway, watching him in large-eyed silence.

Prendick extends his hand. Aissa pads quietly into the room and takes his, gazing down at him on the bed.

AISSA
Are you sad, Prendick?

PRENDICK
Sad?

AISSA
Sad about what has happened in the world you came from.

PRENDICK
It seems a long way off.

AISSA
It doesn't matter what happens out there.

Aissa smiles and gently rubs the back of his hand against her cheek.

AISSA
Is there someone you miss?

PRENDICK
No one special, Aissa.

58

49. CONT.

AISSA
And you no longer wish to runaway... to New York?

Prendick looks into her eyes.

PRENDICK
Sit here.

Aissa settles on the bed, still holding Prendick's hand.

AISSA
Even if you don't runaway, you will go someday and leave me.

PRENDICK
(smiles)
Hey, didn't I make you a promise, about New York.

AISSA
That was only to get me to help you. That was a lie.

Seeing her, feeling her caress, Prendick is very aroused. He gently cups her chin then gently draws her lips to a tender kiss. Their lips part and Prendick whispers softly.

PRENDICK
That was then. This is not a lie.

His lips again touch hers. Their mouths open and with the slightest touches of lips and tongue tips they taste each others taste. Prendick sighs as he traces the strange sensual contours of the mouth.

His hands barely brush the top of her sarong and it drops away revealing small, firm, perfect breasts. Aissa arches her back with a sudden rush of feeling as Prendick's palms, gently brush her erect nipples.

In sudden arousal, Aissa's hands search down Prendick's body inside his shirt; agile fingers glide down his chest to find the hairy centerline of his muscular abdomen. He guides her hand further forcing an awareness of his desire. Aissa gasps, perhaps with fear of the unknown or perhaps with instinctual longing.

While she kisses him, Prendick's hands settle on her buttocks and he positions her over him. Then, slowly and gently he settles her loins to his own. Aissa whimpers at sensations that are both new and part of her basic desire. Both she and Prendick are caught up and equal in their pleasure. Their movements reflect intense hunger for more of what they both are feeling. Thought is abolished by the frantic pulses of instinct.

59

49. cont.

Prendick kisses Aissa's shoulders and neck, tasting the flavor and texture of her skin, the soft curves of her musculature. Then his lips find the hard bud of her nipple and the pleasure is beyond control.

Aissa feels a current course her body. She stretches forward, lying atop Prendick with her arms extended above his head. As she releases a feral cry which excites Prendick's own release, her hands clutch the bedding, her nails extend from her fingers and she draws them down in catlike expression of her orgasm. They have become claws that tear long deep rents in the sheets.

A figure, watching from the shadows of the hallway, turns and moves away as the lovers settle, exhausted, into each others arms.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR. THE JETTY - DUSK 50.

Moreau stands at the end of the jetty peering out at the last rays of the setting sun, a look of strange rapture on his face. A small posse of beast folk crouch at a distance behind him as if incapable of understanding what holds their masters attention. The sky darkens, shelving off into night.

EXTERIOR. VERANDAH - NIGHT 51.

Moreau sits at the head of the long table which has been laid for dinner, holding a cigar. Prendick sits across from him, while Montgomery sits somewhere between them.

MOREAU
Our islanders have been given speech, the beginnings of a society, morality, laws...

PRENDICK
That chanting is a legal system.

MOREAU
It's primitive but it's a beginning. I invite you to improve on it, Mr. Prendick.

PRENDICK
I'll leave the drafting of your Bill of Rights to someone else.

MONTGOMERY
Eddie only wants to be involved here in a very selective way.

Prendick senses Montgomery's hostility.

MOREAU
I'm sorry you decline my offer. I can create in the laboratory an innate respect for the law which is the first facet of a whole and healthy society.

PRENDICK
A whole and healthy society. This place just doesn't have that look.

MONTGOMERY
Don't worry, Eddie. Later we'll really jazz them up...color coordinate them and accesorize them, you won't be able to tell the little buggers from anybody else you'd run into at the mall.
(he looks toward the door)
In fact there's a look you don't mind.

Moreau and Prendick turn to see Aissa emerge awkwardly from the study door, folowed by Azazello and M'Ling, who carries a steaming platter of curiously colored vegetables.

MOREAU
Ah, darling. Please come and join us.

AISSA
(slightly cool)
Thank you, father.

Aissa seats herself at the table, her eyes downcast.

MOREAU
Vegetables, Mr. Prendick? Our own produce. We are all vegetarians here.

As Moreau speaks, Azazello lays a silver serving dish on the table and lifts the lid to reveal an ill-cooked rabbit resting on a bed of herbs.

Moreau's eyebrows go up. He flashes a look at Montgomery.

MOREAU
Montgomery, couldn't this have waited?

61

MONTGOMERY
I felt generous. I think sharing the rabbit is a very civilized gesture, don't you Eddie?

PRENDICK
No doubt about it. Actually you shared one you don't know about. It was in the undergrowth at the back of the enclosure with its head torn off.

MOREAU
(alarmed and angry)
Torn off? Hear that, Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY
I swear. None of them saw me kill.

Prendick picks up on a rift between them.

PRENDICK
Just before I found the rabbit, I saw one of your improvments on the human race drinking from the stream. Another one was in the bushes nearby...

MOREAU
Sucking his drink?

PRENDICK
Slurping it right up. Down on all fours.

MOREAU
After a kill they drink. It sweetens the salt taste of blood...

MONTGOMERY
Well, there's another carnivore out of the closet. So much for the control of baser instincts, Moreau.

MOREAU
(to Montgomery)
With you for a role model, I'm not surprised.

62

(to Prendick)
These men you saw, would you know then again?

AISSA
Lo-Mai! I saw him. It was Lo-Mai who drank from the stream.

MOREAU
Thank you, Sweetheart. I thought so... Well, we'll have to make an example of him.

AISSA
(fiercely, rapidly, under her breath like a catechism)
Punishment is swift and sure!

Prendick stares at her.

MOREAU
Yes, I've had my eye on Lo-Mai. He's been sloping off with the Hyena-Swine, making all kinds of trouble. We'll call an assembly tomorrow. Mr. Prendick, I'll ask you to formally identify him and the other if you can. You say there were two...

PRENDICK
Forget it. Leave me out of this.

MONTGOMERY
You're a witness, man. Consider yourself subpoenaed.

MOREAU
(passionately)
I can't leave you out of it. Just being here makes you one of us. Like it or not if you're to survive you must be feared.

Moreau stubs out his cigar and gets to his feet.

MOREAU
If they get a taste for blood, we're finished.

63

51. Cont.

Moreau leaves the room, exchanging a covert conspiratorial look with M'Ling. Aissa follows.

Montgomery glances at Prendick, who is picking uneasily at the rabbit.

MONTGOMERY
How's the rabbit?

PRENDICK
A little pink.

But Prendick's eyes are on Azazello who is standing in the study door, licking his hands, clearly excited by this new and dangerously addictive taste.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY 52.

Moreau's flag, the emblem of the Tree of Life rises up a pole to billow against the blazing blue sky. A dog man raises a HORN to his lips and blows a primative lament. Another moves about the stages, bowing and weaving as if in some primitive dance while he swings a BULL ROARER --

INT. MOREAU'S ROOM - DAY 53.

In his darkened living quarters, Moreau is helped into his jacket by M'Ling. One by one the dog man dresses his master with the fetishes of power. His hat. His gun. His whip.

EXT. ROSTRUM AREA - DAY 54.

A clamor of bestial voices as beast people gather from different directions, beckoned by continued blasts on the horn and the bull-roarer.

The CLAMOR of bestial voices goes silent as Moreau appears followed by Montgomery, M'Ling and Prendick. He climbs onto the rostrum beneath the flagpole. Waggdi, Azazello and the other Dog Men are posted around the base of the rostrum on crowd control duty.

At the sound of the horn, the Beast Folk bow on their knees and elbows and begin flinging dust over their heads. Montgomery, clipboard in hand, checks them off one by one.

MONTGOMERY
Sixty-two, sixty-three...We're coming up short here.

MOREAU
There are four more.

PRENDICK
I don't see Lo-Mai.

64

MONTGOMERY
No surprise there, old buddy.

Moreau sounds the HORN again and the Beast Folk writhe and grovel with renewed fervor. Then, slinking through the main gate, comes Lo-Mai and the HYENA-SWINE followed by Assassimon, dressed in white linen trousers. The other animals shoot vicious glances at him. Moreau passes the horn to M'Ling.

MOREAU
Silence!

The beast Folk sit back on their haunches now and rest from their worshipping.

MOREAU
Where is my Sayer of the Law?

The horned man bows his face to the dust.

MOREAU
Say the words.

SAYER OF THE LAW
Not to go on all fours; that is the Law.

The kneeling assembly recites the words after him, swaying from side to side and striking up the dust with their hands.

ALL
(CHORUS)
Not to go on all fours; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to slurp up drink; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to eat flesh nor fish; that is the Law. Are we not men?

MOREAU
STOP!

Silence falls at once.

The Beast Folk know what's coming and glance furtively at one another, a feeling of dread creeping over the assembly.

MOREAU
That Law has been broken.

SAYER OF THE LAW
None escape!

ALL
(CHORUS)
None escape!

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MOREAU
Who is he?

Moreau CRACKS his whip for effect as Lo-Mai and the Hyena-Swine glance at each other nervously.

MOREAU
WHO IS HE?

SAYER OF THE LAW
Evil is he who breaks the Law!

Moreau meets Lo-Mai's gaze, looking him steadfastly in the eye.

MOREAU
Whoever breaks the Law goes back to the House of Pain.

ALL (CHORUS)
Back to the House of Pain!
Back to the House of Pain, O Master!

AZAZELLO
(pathetically, eagerly)
Back to the House of Pain!
Back to the House of Pain!

Moreau turns his attention to Lo-Mai once more.

MOREAU
Do you hear?

The terrified Leopard Man springs to his feet now and leaps desperately towards the rostrum, his eyes aflame, a row of ivory fangs flashing out from beneath his curling lips.

Waggdi raises his cattle prod to block the Leopard Man's path, but Lo-Mai sweeps him aside, sending him sprawling to the dust, yelping and clutching at his bleeding snout.

Azazello and the Hyena-Swine are watching with expressions of pure malice on their faces. They turn to one another conspiratorially.

Lo-Mai mounts the rostrum, coming face to face now with Moreau who resolutely stands his ground. Moreau looks into the Leopard Man's eyes, and it is as if he is looking into his very soul.

MOREAU
My son...

Then with a snarl Lo-Mai lunges at Moreau, but Azazello strikes him down with his cattle prod. He cringes, trying to protect himself as the Dog Men surround him. Azazello pins his arms

66

54. Cont.

behind his back while Waggdi grabs him vengefully by the hair, pulling his head back so that Moreau can look him in the face once more.

The Hyena-Swine has been joined by others, who are watching with threatening expressions. Assassimon looks on with something close to pity.

Lo-Mai's eyes are wide and glazed with fear.

LO-MAI
(imploringly)
Father...

Moreau pats Lo-Mai's head soothingly.

MOREAU
It's alright, my son. I
forgive you for everything.

With one fluid motion, Moreau draws his revolver and puts it to Lo-Mai's head, squeezing the trigger. There is a deafening concussion and the Leopard Man falls.

Assassimon, the Hyena-Swine and others recoil as if they've been shot too.

For a moment, all is quiet.

MONTGOMERY
(almost to
himself, with
bitterness)
He's with the program
now...he's really a believer
now, man...

Moreau gives him a hard look, then looks to the Sayer of the Law.

SAYER OF THE LAW
The gun has spoken! It is
good!

ASSASSIMON
Hallelujah!

Prendick looks in mounting horror at Lo-Mai's twitching body, to Moreau who stands over them, the smoking gun in his hand, his white suit specked with blood, his eyes filled with cold fire, the VOICES of the chanting congregation rising around him as Azazello moves in close to the body sniffing at it. He is about to lick the oozing blood when M'Ling drives him away.

67

54. CONT.

ALL (CHORUS)
His is the hand that wounds!
His is the hand that heals!
His is the lightning flash!
His is the House of Pain!

Prendick stares in horror.

CUT TO:
INTERIOR. THE FURNACE - DAY. 55.
Flames rise like writhing serpents from the gas jets. The dog men open the furnace door and tip Lo-MAi's body into the flames.

CUT TO:
INTERIOR. THE HOUSE - DAY 56.
Moreau sits alone at the keyboard of his piano, playing out the gentle layers of Gnossienne No. 1 by Satie. His expression is distant, wistful, lost somewhere in the past.

CUT TO:
EXTERIOR. THE COMPOUND - DAY 57.
Prendick watches the black smoke pouring from the furnace chimney. M'ling, Azazello and Waggdi stand as close as they can to the furnace door, their eyes glinting as they look into the flames, their noses wrinkling at the smell of burning flesh.

CUT TO:
INTERIOR. BATHROOM - DAY 58.
Aissa closes her eyes, turning her face into the cleansing spray of the shower.She raises her hands, running them over the unfamiliar contours of her face, sensing herself starting to subtly change.

CUT TO:
EXTERIOR. THE COMPOUND - DAY 59.
The fire has burned out. A few trails of smoke waft from the pile of ashes as furtively the Hyena Swine man emerges from the bushes, approaching the furnace. He stares for a few seconds at the ashes, then pokes about with a stick. Finding the skull of Lo Mai, he reaches in and gently lifts it. For a few seconds he holds it like a hot potato, shifting it on his fingers until it cools.

Then he stares at it, contemplating mortality.

HYENA SWINE
Lo-Mai?...

His fingers fondly touch the over-sized teeth. Then his expression changes from sadness to rage.

68

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. BATHROOM - DAY 60.

Aissa steps across to the mirror and wiping away the steam she examines herself minutely, not liking what she sees. She reaches for a razor,running it across her cheeks. In the background the piano music ceases.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY 61.

Prendick stands waist high in a field of marijuana plants, watching as the ball game gets under way on the front lawn, and coming up to bat.Beside him, Azazello and Montgomery, his long hair tied back by a greasy bandanna, are busy watering the plants.

There is a CRACK of wood against horsehide, followed by a spatttering of APPLAUSE and Montgomery glances up in time to see the Monkey Man reaching first base.

Montgomery plucks a joint from his bandanna and fires it up.

MONTGOMERY
Assassimon's in his element. Fantastic knuckleball. But then, look at his knuckles. Oh shit. Here comes trouble.

Prendick follows Montgomery's gaze, to see Kiril and the Hyena Swine wading towards them through the marijuana field.

The Hyena swine is still carrying Lo-Mai's skull.

PRENDICK
Who's that? Hamlet's ghost?

MONTGOMERY
It's the Hyena Swine, ...I don't remember his given name.

KIRIL
Hail, to the Other with the whip.

MONTGOMERY
Hail to you too. There's a Third with a whip now, so you'd better watch yourself.

HYENA-SWINE
Was he not made? He said... he said he was made.

KIRIL
The Third with the whip, he that came from the sea has a long thin face.

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MONTGOMERY
He has a long thin whip, and it hurts.

HYENA-SWINE
It never hurts you. You never bleed or weep. Even when you kill.

Montgomery looks at him with momentary disbelief.

MONTGOMERY
You'll fucking bleed and weep if you don't shut up!

He turns away, passing the joint to Azazello. The Dog Man smokes it greedily.

PRENDICK
You think that's a good idea?

MONTGOMERY
What,you think I'm too liberal?...He gets to have a few perks, too. He works hard. Don't you Azazello, old mutt, old buddy...you're a goddamned good old son of-a-bitch.

He scratches Azazello behind the ear, calling him jocular names as the Dog Man fawns on him in extraordinary delight.

AZAZELLO
Yes, yes, most certainly so, Master.

Azazello passes the joint to the Hyena-swine.

KIRIL
The Law says you must not destroy life.

MONTGOMERY
Yeah, that's right. You know it is.

HYENA-SWINE
But he...this morning he...

He raises Lo-Mai's skull, gesturing toward Moreau's house.

MONTGOMERY
He what? You fuzzy bastard!

There is an awkward silence as Montgomery meets the Hyena Swine's gaze,. Behind them the BISON MAN steps onto the

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pitcher's mound. Going to the plate, Assassimon holds the bat unsteadily in his hands.

MONTGOMERY
Are you judging him?
Are you fucking daring to
compare yourself to him?

The bear man, swayed by Montgomery's rhetoric rounds on the Hyena swine.

KIRIL
Who are you to question
the law?

HYENA SWINE
Who are you to hold me to it.
I've seen you break it. Even you.
I've seen you turning over rocks and
lapping up insects many times.
I've seen you.

KIRIL
Insects don't really count.
Everybody kills them.

PRENDICK
Yeah. But we don't all
necessarily eat them.

The Bison Man pitches the ball at Assassimon striking him in the head with a resounding CRACK.

BISON MAN
Howzat!

There is a raucous clamoring of JEERS and APPLAUSE as Waggdi and the Sloth Man pick up Assassimon's twitching body and carry him off the field.

BISON MAN
How was that?

Prendick turns his eyes towards the middle distance where Assassimon lies in the arms of the FOX LADY, while the Sloth Man dabs ineffectually at his bleeding head. Out on the field, with the game interrupted, the Bison Man starts to run around and around the bases, a relentless force of nature scuffing up dust in the warm morning air.

He looks to the Hyena Swine, who is watching him with a barely concealed menace.

CUT TO:
INTERIOR. THE HOUSE - DAY 62.

71

62. Cont.

Moreau is still seated at the piano when Aissa goes tiptoeing past the study door, looking for Prendick.

MOREAU
Aissa. Little Aissa.

AISSA
Yes Father?

MOREAU
Come here. Closer, so I can get a better look at you.

She approaches him tentatively, bowing before him, eyes averted. Moreau reaches out to touch her hair, stroking her like a pet. She relaxes, laying her head on his lap.

MOREAU
You're such a big kitten now. I'm so proud of you. Of all my children, you have come the closest to making my dreams come true. You're so beautiful, so perfect...

He parts her hair, finding a distinctly pointed ear.

MOREAU
Oh, what's this? We'll have to fix that. And this?

He grasps her by the jaw, turning her head to examine her face, his expression darkening as he notices the subtle imperfections in her features.

AISSA
I'm sorry, father...I'm sorry... I couldn't help it...

MOREAU
Let's see your hands.

He grabs her by the wrists, examining her nails with distaste. He releases her with a sigh, a look of sullen despair coming over his face.

MOREAU
Even you betray me. You of all my children.

Aissa begins to cry. Hearing her sob Moreau looks up, sharply.

MOREAU
You weep...you alone cry real tears...

72

62. Cont.

He reaches out, touching her face, feeling her tears.

MOREAU
See! There's still hope.
You are human. You have to be.

Seeing the curious expression of relief in his eyes, the smile haunting his lips, Aissa can bear it no longer. She turns with a whimper and runs from the room.

EXT. THE RADIO HUT - NIGHT 63.

M'Ling sits hunched over a two-way radio, wearing an ill fitting set of headphones and barking into the transmitter.

M'LING
This is Biostation Echo Rio Delta calling on all channels. Is anyone receiving me? Come in?

Prendick, seated beside him waits, but nothing comes. Montgomery watches from he background.

MONTGOMERY
There's nothing but static. Been that way for five days.

PRENDICK
Unless you're jamming your own radio to keep me from leaving.

MONTGOMERY
You've got some real paranoia going, Eddie. Ever think maybe there's nothing out there anymore... Maybe we've really gone and done it this time. Maybe we're the only ones left. You and me and the Doc.

PRENDICK
And Aissa.

MONTGOMERY
Yeah, let's include her. We'll need a female entity to start it up again.
(He turns to Aissa)
Post-nuclear family values is what we're after here.

73

63. Cont.

Aissa backs out the door and M'Ling retreats to the shadows then out to the surrounding jungle. Montgomery faces Prendick.

MONTGOMERY
They're always a bit fearful. In my opinion the veggies have corrupted the old man's seed.

PRENDICK
They're both his children.

MONTGOMERY
All his children. Since all I do is drag my big muddy boots in and out of the temple of my body, I guess he figured my DNA wasn't all there.

PRENDICK
Who was Aissa's mother?

MONTGOMERY
(smiles)
Given the oddities of this place it's an amazing thing to speculate about, isn't it?

Montgomery proffers a joint. Prendick is so preoccupied that he takes a deep drag without realizing it.

MONTGOMERY
There you go, man. Isn't that better than taking all this shit on the natch?

Prendick turns towards the door, stepping out into the night. He's deeply troubled.

EXT. THE VERANDAH - NIGHT 64.

Aissa is waiting for Prendick in the shadows beside the study door. As he approaches, she glances up at him, her eyes glistening.

AISSA
What did he tell you?

PRENDICK
Who?

AISSA
Montgomery. What did he say about me?

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PRENDICK
Nothing.

AISSA
He told you I'm one of them, didn't he?

Prendick looks hard at her.

AISSA
Some kind of animal.

Aissa makes a movement that is terrifyingly cat-like her hands flying towards Prendick's face. He grabs her wrists. She calms instantly.

PRENDICK
Aissa, we've got to get off of this island.

AISSA
We can steal the launch. Here! I took the keys.

PRENDICK
It's three or four days to New Guinea. We'll need diesel and food and water.

AISSA
I can get food and there's diesel in the storeroom. Take me away from here...my five man...
(She takes his hand)
While we still have time.

Smiling, she brushes the remote on the CD and the romantic ballad heard earlier begins. She moves closer.

AISSA
Take me with you to New York.

Prendick touches her face, and she draws him gently into her embrace.

AISSA
Dance with me. Nothing else matters now.

And for a while they dance together in the narrow puddle of light at one end of the long verandah. The power of Aissa's close physical presence seems to overwhelm Prendick's concern; he looks

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64. Cont.

into her eyes with an intensity and tenderness that seems beyond his control.

Slowly, he surrenders to it; with one hand he gently strokes her hair, lifts her head back and kisses her softly, then deeply, while beyond, in the tropical night, the howling of some great, unseen beast rises from the darkness to greet the moon.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT 65.

Moreau is re-arranging a lab table for a new round of experiments. In what is the fretwork of science, he hands off a large tray stacked with glass vials etc. to Waggdi and two dog men who are assisting him.

MOREAU
When you finish sterilizing,
do these next, Waggdi.

Waggdi takes the tray to a large sterilizer.

Moreau begins leafing through a note book. He speaks absently --

MOREAU
Careful to bleed off the
steam. Don't burn yourself.

WAGGDI
Yes, master.

One of the dog men eagerly tries to help Waggdi who slaps his fingers away.

WAGGDI
This is my work.

There is the sound of someone entering the lab. Moreau looks up to see Hyena Swine man at the door. He can hardly believe it.

HYENA SWINE
Father?

MOREAU
What are you doing in here?
Get out!

Hyena-swine man's large eyes gaze around the lab. He obviously has no intention of leaving.

HYENA-SWINE
Lo-Mai is dead! If he can die then
so can I. If I can die then so can you.

Moreau glances around for a weapon. Nothing. The hyena man's eyes glow with sudden excitment.

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65. CONT.

HYENA-SWINE
See I am a man now. I understand my father's secret. I stand in the house of pain and am not afraid.

MOREAU
Get him out!

M'ling rushes at the Hyena Swine and the beast curls back its lips and shrieks, revealing a terrible row of jutting, jagged teeth. He swings Lo-Mai's skull, striking M'Ling to the floor before turning once more towards Moreau.

As he moves towards him, Waggdi grabs the sterilizer and opens the relief valve. The hyena swine screams as the steam jet hits him. He staggers back in rage, knocking over a large stand of cages and rabbit hutches. As it falls it trips the latch on the black panther's cage.

In a flash the animal is out of it's cage and out of the door of the lab.

CUT TO:
EXTERIOR. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT 66.

Prendick stands holding a flashlight as Aissa types a series of digits into the console that controls the gate. There is a sharp mechanical click as the gate unlocks and he steps forward, shouldering a bundle of provisions.

PRENDICK
You got it!

Just as the gates swing wide, before him there comes a low, feral snarl from behind and he turns, the look of hope draining from his face.

PRENDICK
Jesus wept!

His eyes meet the green glare of the black panther's gaze. The beast circles him like a shadow, its muscles tensing, a low snarl rippling from its throat. He takes a step towards Aissa who stares at the big cat as if transfixed, his hand reaching for his gun.

PRENDICK
Get back! Get behind me!

He levels the gun, but Aissa raises one hand motioning for him to be still.

AISSA
No!

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AISSA
No!

66. Cont.

Her eyes meet the panther's gaze and it is as if some invisible signal passes between them. For a moment the beast bows its head. Prendick starts to lower his gun but then the panther looks up once more with a sudden snarl, looking past him.

Prendick starts to turn but the Hyena Swine is already upon him, striking him from behind, sending the gun spinning from his hands. Aissa screams.

The panther bolts, disappearing through the open gateway into the night.

The Hyena Swine lifts Prendick like a ragdoll. Its jaws gape wide before his face and he chokes on its foetid breath.

HYENA SWINE
You told about the rabbit.
Because of you Lo-Mai is dead.

The creature lunges at his throat and Prendick twists his head, yelling as its jaws sink into his shoulder. There is a sudden flash of gunfire and the Hyena Swine looks up to see that Aissa has retrieved Prendick's automatic and is trying to draw a bead on him.

AISSA
Leave him!

The Hyena Swine snarls and hurls Prendick at her, turning as another bullet whistles past him to see Moreau standing at the top of the track, a hunting rifle raised to his shoulder.

Moreau fires again, his second shot going wide as well. The Hyena Swine opts to follow the panther, disappearing into the darkness of the waiting rainforest, still chuckling hysterically to himself.

Moreau lowers his rifle as Montgomery joins him breathless and clutching an automatic in one hand.

MOREAU
He's cleared the perimeter.
Waggdi! Sound the alarm!

Moreau turns, following Waggdi back towards the house. Montgomery kneels beside Prendick, examining the lacerations in his chest and arm.

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66. CONT.

MONTGOMERY
Let me see that... Oh Jesus...We gotta get some disinfectant on these... Aissa! Get the first aid kit! Fast!

Aissa ducks back into the house and Prendick grimaces, closing his eyes.

PRENDICK
Ah fuck... I feel like I'm on fire...

MONTGOMERY
Just hold on, buddy.

Prendick grinds his teeth together as Aissa runs to him, carrying the First-Aid kit. Montgomery swabs his wounds with antiseptic.

AISSA
Hold still.

Aissa presses her hands against Prendick's forehead.

Moreau returns with a flashlight and a hunting rifle slung over one shoulder, a pack of BARKING Dog Men brandishing cattle prods following at his heels. He sees Montgomery attending to Prendick.

MOREAU
I'm going after him!

Montgomery starts up, abandoning Prendick for a moment.

MONTGOMERY
Wait! I'll come! It's too dangerous!

Moreau glances back at him and there is something in his face, white as a death's head in the moonlight, that causes Montgomery to fall silent.

Moreau turns away and heads into the darkness where the fence is down, the Dog Men running at his heels, Montgomery staring after him in dismay.

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 67.

Montgomery and Aissa lower Prendick onto the bed.

He is naked now, sweat standing out on his forehead, his chest and arm swathed in bandages. He tries to open his eyes, wincing as if blinded by the yellow flare of the paraffin lamp.

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67. CONT.

PRENDICK
God...why is that light so bright?

Seeing the hypodermic Prendick starts to react as Montgomery slides a needle into his forearm.

MONTGOMERY
Easy Eddie, you're in shock...There...

Prendick relaxes as Montgomery gets up and starts hastily towards the door.

Aissa touches his face, soothing him as the drugs draw a chemical curtain across his pain. He sighs, looking up at her, haloed by the hallucinatory glare of the lantern. She smiles, taking his hand and placing it against her bosom.

AISSA
Sleep, Prendick. My poor Five-Man. I will make you well. Sleep...

Aissa lies beside him, forming herself cat-like against him. He slowly draws an arm over her.

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAWN 68.

A seething, volcanic sun rises above the rim of the earth, the BAYING OF HOUNDS rising to greet it from below the canopy of the rainforest.

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - MORNING 69.

A flock of parrots scatter in dismay as a line of Beast People come CRASHING through a cane break, beating the foliage to drive out their quarry.

Moreau follows at a distance, Waggdi walking fast beside him.

Up ahead the undergrowth quivers and Waggdi freezes, sniffing the air.

WAGGDI
He's close,, Master. Just a breath away. I smell him.

Moreau cocks the hunting rifle.

Waggdi steps forward towards the wall of greenery, his cattle prod raised defensively.

80

69. Cont.

He turns to Moreau, nodding his head as if to signal him, but at that moment an earsplitting snarl comes from over the Doctor's shoulder.

Moreau turns, bringing up his rifle in the same instant that the panther hurls itself at him. There is a flash, a deafening concussion and then the beast's body strikes him, bearing him down.

Waggdi screams, jumping up and down ineffectually. Then he detects another movement in the folliage behind him and falls silent.

For a moment all is still, then with a groan Moreau opens his eyes, pushing away the panther's carcass. He struggles to his feet, his left arm dangling useless and shattered, a crimson stain spreading across his sleeve.

He shivers with a sudden cold.

The Hyena Swine stands before him, one hand on Waggdi's shoulder, his other hand clutching a cane knife.

The Hyena Swine starts to giggle softly.

Moreau turns to find his way blocked by Azazello and the boar man, a third dog man bringing up their rear.

MOREAU
Help me...

Azazello's eyes are flat and unreadable. A low snarl ripples from his throat. Moreau feels a sudden spasm of pain and falls to one knee with a gasp, his good hand going to his chest.

When he withdraws his hand he sees that his fingers are wet with blood.

HYENA SWINE
The master bleeds. It is as the man from the sea said.

BOAR MAN
If he bleeds he can die.

AZAZELLO
He can die?

HYENA SWINE
He will die. I will show the way.

The Hyena swine takes a step towards Moreau, walking on the tips of his toes, his hackles rising, bloodlust sparkling in his eyes.

81

69. Cont.

HYENA SWINE
What am I, father?
Am I really a man now?

MOREAU
You are my son.
You are all my children.

HYENA SWINE
Then let your son embrace you.

MOREAU
Forgive me... Lord...

He turns his eyes toward the heavens but at the last sees only a row of impossibly gaudy parrots regarding him quizzically from a branch above his head.

HYENA SWINE
Law no more!

The cane knife spins in a gleaming arc and the doctor's body falls to the waiting earth with barely a sigh.

The Hyena Swine raises the knife, seeing his master's blood glistening in the tropical sunshine.

HYENA-SWINE
Now I am God!

He licks Moreau's blood from the blade and begins giggling hysterically while his comrades, abandoning their fear, close in and beat the doctor's fallen body. Taking up the Hyena Swine's chant they release years of rage in animal savagery.

ALL
Law no more! Law no more!

The parrots shift nervously on their perches, taking flight one by one as the beast folk dance in bizarre celebration around Moreau's body. The birds rise up through the leafy canopy of the trees to the sky and the heavens beyond.

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - DAY 70.

THUNDER crashes outside and warm rain squalls against the glass.

Aissa turns over, kissing Prendick on the forehead. He opens his eyes and she smiles at him.

He looks at her, and his eyes widen.

82

70. Cont.

Some strange reversion has begun; the imperfect upper-lip has become exaggerated, and a distinct fur-like down has appeared on her face, but she is nonetheless still beautiful.

Prendick stares. She draws him close and he kisses her again. His face is guided by her hands down to her breasts. His lips find her nipples and she twists with arousal, then she guides his face further down her body to another set of breasts, vestigial buds that have erupted on the smooth skin of her torso.

Prendick reacts, balancing on a knife edge of revulsion and desire, then he gives in to the latter, kissing wildly at her feral mammaries, aroused beyond any point of return.

Again, louder, there comes the sound of THUNDER.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY 71.

A violent storm lashes the island. A WAILING procession of Beast Folk, led by the Sayer of the Law, trudge slowly through the driving rain, their heads bowed as they bear Moreau back to the big house, his body held aloft by Kiril and the Bison Man, his arms outstretched as if crucified, his head tilted back, rain falling in his sightless eyes and washing the blood from his face in pink rivulets.

Montgomery stands waiting for them on the front lawn, his features twisted in despair.

Behind him Prendick comes slowly down the driveway, supported by Aissa. He is barefoot, dressed only in a blanket and a damp pair of flannel trousers.

MONTGOMERY
It's all over. Oh god...

The procession comes to a halt and the Sayer of the Law steps forward to address Montgomery.

SAYER OF THE LAW
He is dead.

AZAZELLO
Is there a Law now? Is it still to be this and that?

SAYER OF THE LAW
Is there a Law, thou Other with the whip? Is there a Law now that He is dead?

Montgomery looks to Prendick, his jaw hanging slackly.

Prendick steps forward, Aissa clinging to his arm, and tries to take command of the situation.

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PRENDICK
Of course there is Law.

HYENA-SWINE
Law no more!

PRENDICK
There's a law! Listen to me!
He isn't dead!

The Beast People turn their sharp eyes upon him.

PRENDICK
He's here! Now! He's left
his body, but he isn't dead.
You can't see him, but he's
here. Right there!

Prendick points towards the leaden sky. Montgomery looks at him with amazed admiration.

MONTGOMERY
Good, buddy. That's good.
Jesus, that's great!

PRENDICK
You can't see him, but he can
see you! Even now he watches
you!

KIRIL
Fear the Law!

There is a flicker of lightning and the Beast People look nervously to the sky.

PRENDICK
See! He's not dead. He is
risen! He watches over from
above and sends fire from the
sky to strike down all who
disobey! He is the Lord! He
sees all.

Assassimon stares in terrible suspicion and uncertainty.

KIRIL
He is great, He is good!

PRENDICK
Come with me! We must bring
his old body up to the big
house. Then he'll tell us
what to do.

84

71. Cont.

He motions for them to follow, setting off at the head of the procession. Reluctantly, Assassimon joins them.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - DUSK 72.

The rain has stopped now but the sky is still dark and threatening.

The remaining Dog Men, under the command of M'Ling are busy making a pyre of brushwood and broken furniture. Moreau's body, dressed in a pristine white suit and garlanded with flowers, is laid out on a pallet at the top of the pyre.

Aissa kneels beside him now and places his Panama hat on his chest.

Prendick watches her closely, almost desperately, for a sign of human grief.

Tears start down Aissa's cheeks. Prendick looks on, moved.

INT. MONTGOMERY'S QUARTERS - DUSK 73.

Montgomery sits hunched over the paraffin lantern, swigging from a bottle of vodka and downing pills by the handful, his gun on the tabletop beside him.

Prendick sits opposite him, his eyes wandering over the disarray that surrounds them, the tattered posters and pathetic remnants of the counter-culture and Montgomery's past life. From outside rises the SOUND OF DRUMS and bestial VOICES howling and keening in lamentation.

PRENDICK
We're going to have to go out there--and light that thing soon. I mean, if he starts getting ripe and they smell it, it's all over.

85

MONTGOMERY
They're all waiting...the whole damn island...Without the endorphins he put in their food they'll revert quickly. They'll need a firm hand with a whip in it. But I've really gotta hand it to you, Eddie, you're a survivor alright. This resurrection bit is fucking brilliant...the perfect thing for a primitive intelligence. They'll eat it right up.

PRENDICK
Or they'll eat us right up.

MONTGOMERY
Yeah, whatever...Jesus, what a fucking life this is... Spend twenty years living in squalid little rooms, living on cheap thrills, man, I have to say, life is a big mistake. Big mistake. And to end up in this, this shit! This fucking island, ten years! What for?? Eddie, we're nothing. We're just nothing. We're bubbles blown by a baby.

PRENDICK
We're getting off of this island.

MONTGOMERY
Oh yeah? And going where? Look at me, man... Where the fuck am I going to go?

PRENDICK
Anywhere you like.

MONTGOMERY
(He laughs.)
That's a tough one, Eddie. I get off this island about once every two years, and I can't make it out there. People disgust me, man. I can't stand to be anywhere near them. Even the women. I rent them, then I can't bear to touch them. (more)

86

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)
And I'll tell you something, man... You and your girlfriend are gonna find it mighty hard "fitting in". I mean, just for openers, who's gonna rent to you? It isn't like you come from different religious backgrounds, if you know what I mean... Here, have a toke for fuck sake.

PRENDICK
Can we help her? Is there anything we can do to...

MONTGOMERY
To what, man? Keep her sweet? I know Moreau gave her special treatments. It's in his notes...

PRENDICK
What about the rest?

MONTGOMERY
They'll change, their D.N.A. will just start to unravel... Come on, man, have a toke... help yourself to my stash. I've got everything you could possibly want right here. Speed, methadone, morphine, mescaline, reds, blues, ludes, lysergic acid, and my own special brew... The Montgomery Cocktail! Come on, which way you want to go? Try the Cocktail, you'll go all over the fucking place...

PRENDICK
I just want to go home.

MONTGOMERY
Well, fuck you then! You won't party with me, I'll party with them. I'll show you what a real party animal is! I'm handing in my resignation from the whole fucking human race, effective immediately.

87

73. Cont.

Montgomery gets to his feet, clutching at the bottle, filling his pockets with pills.

PRENDICK
You're not going to hand those out!

MONTGOMERY
What? Are you gonna stop me? Jesus Christ, man, you're not a lawyer, you're a fucking missionary.. save her, save him, why don't you just open up a local branch of the S.P.C.A.?

PRENDICK
You really are crazy.

MONTGOMERY
Did I ever say I wasn't?

Prendick rises, facing him, and Montgomery snatches up the automatic, waving it at his head.

MONTGOMERY
Hey, man, you're standing between me and the party lights. Get out of my way.

PRENDICK
Sure. Go ahead. Go ahead.

Montgomery flings the door open, his eyes blots of deep black in the yellow light, the gun trembling in his hand.

MONTGOMERY
You know, man, you've got no view. With you it's all survival. We're right on the edge here, and I ain't gonna miss it. I may be dead tomorrow, but I'm gonna live it up tonight.

He turns and goes out into the moonlight.

M'Ling, who is waiting outside, rises to meet him.

MONTGOMERY
M'Ling! M'Ling, my man! Bring the flatbed around at once. It's party time!

88

73. Cont.

Prendick follows him to the doorway, looking out into the night.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT 74.

The crowd parts as Montgomery walks amongst them, dispensing pills.

MONTGOMERY
Free drugs! Come on! Who wants to get high? Let's see some hands.

A forest of misshapen appendages rises around him and he fills each hand indiscriminately with whatever he pulls from his pockets.

MONTGOMERY
There you go...a little Uptown for you, some Downtown for you...Cat food for the dogs and dog food for the cats... What's science without a few drugs, huh, Eddie?

He addresses the assembly of Chimaera.

MONTGOMERY
It's the dawning of a whole new deal, boys and girls. I'm the Man now, and we're gonna have fun around here for a change. We'll be laughing tonight...

The Beast People press tight around him, pawing at him, helping themselves now to the contents of his pockets.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT 75.

Prendick, Aissa, and the remaining Beast People, still loyal to Moreau, stand ringed around the pyre. For a moment they're motionless, their heads bowed in prayer, then Prendick tosses a lighted torch into the brushwood at the base of the mound and the flames begin to climb hungrily around Moreau's body. The congregation remains silent, watching until Moreau's body is lost in flame and smoke.

Prendick turns to Aissa now, seeing her eyes glinting like an animal's in the firelight.

AISSA
Will we go now?

PRENDICK
Yes.

They look at each other, a terrible awareness in Aissa's face.

AISSA
I know, Prendick. I know what is happening to me...I can feel it.

PRENDICK
It doesn't matter.

AISSA
Yes, it matters.

PRENDICK
There's a way to fix it, in your father's notes. I'll find it. We'll bring you back. Now, go to the house. Get whatever you need to take.

AISSA
(apprehensive)
Where are you going?

PRENDICK
There's something I have to do.

He turns to address the assembly.

PRENDICK
Children of the Law! Listen to me! The Master has left a task for you!

He turns towards the laboratory, motioning for the Beast People to follow him.

INT. THE LABORATORY - NIGHT 76.

Prendick strides down the isleway between the cages, Kiril and the Sayer of the Law leading the remnants of the Beast People behind him.

PRENDICK
Empty the cages! Free all of them!

The Beast Folk go to work at once, scooping rabbits from their hutches, dogs and cats and monkeys from their cages. Prendick stalks slowly through the devastated laboratory, flipping the

90

76. Cont.

switch on a Nagra as he passes, hearing Moreau's VOICE, nothing more now than a magnetic ghost.

MOREAU'S VOICE
Systolic pressure 3.2.
Diastolic Pressure up to 4.
Pulmonary pressure stands at
5.8.

Prendick stops at the shelf, lifting Moreau's black book.

It falls open in his hands and he casts an eye over the chemical equations contained there, an escaped monkey scampering up to him to perch on his shoulder, mimicking his puzzlement at Moreau's notes.

Behind him, the Sayer of the Law opens the incubators one by one, handing out the mewling mutant infants to a line of island women who bear them out into the safety of the orange night.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT 77.

The awesome SOUND of the Jimi Hendrix Experience throbbing from a tiny set of speakers, supplemented by a line of DRUMMING Beast Folk, tangling with the SOUNDTRACK of "King Kong" that is climbing on a screen set before the CD ROM projector that has been set up for a rapt, tripped-out animal audience. A great bonfire is raining sparks into the sky farther up the beach, ringed by furiously dancing creatures. Beside the bonfire, an ax-wielding Dog Man is hopping up the remains of the beached motor launch and feeding them into the flames.

Montgomery stands near the fire, supervising the ritual burning of the boat, a garland of flowers around his neck and a joint dangling from his lower lip.

The Sloth Creature drags at the hem of his coat and he smiles sadly, turning out his pockets.

MONTGOMERY
All gone. See. All tapped out. We're in the same boat now, (points to the burning launch) and there it is right there! Up the creek without a paddle. Any of you ever hear that expression?

He starts to get undressed, throwing his clothes to the Beast People who grab at them eagerly, fighting for possession of the more treasured articles.

Montgomery lifts his head up and shouts.

91

77. CONT.

MONTGOMERY
How do you like this, Moreau? Isn't this some wild shit!

The Beast People press tighter around him, reaching out to touch his pale skin. He giggles, looking up at the stars.

MONTGOMERY
All flesh is grass, boys and girls. You blink and it's all gone...

He grabs an already disheveled Beast Woman and breaks into a demented, frenzied and very dirty boogie.

The flatbed goes rumbling past, circling dangerously close to the fire, headlights blazing, joyriding through the night, going nowhere, M'Ling at the wheel.

INT. THE LAB - NIGHT 78.

Prendick takes a crowbar to a metal file and rips it open. He tears through the papers and finds several note books. He begins frantically flipping through them.

INT. THE STUDY - NIGHT 79.

Azazello unbolts the gun locker and opens it up to display its contents to his fellow conspirators: the Hyena-Swine, a bristly black Boar Man and a pair of the surviving Dog Men who still wear waiter's coats. Behind them, the rest of the room is already in chaos as several of the Beast People root through Moreau's papers, flinging the books from the shelves, the unleashed parrot flapping wildly around their heads. The Hyena-Swine hefts a Kalashnikov, his eyes glowing in anticipation.

HYENA-SWINE
Now we have the fire that kills. Now we are Gods!

Azazello weighs a hand grenade in his palm, his face cracking in a terrible, gap-toothed grin.

INT. THE HALL - NIGHT 80.

Aissa crosses the hallway on her way to her room.

There is a sudden rattle of automatic GUNFIRE followed by a sudden pell of raucous LAUGHTER from the direction of the study and she stiffens, drawing back against the wall with a HISS.

Azazello appears now in the study door, clutching a bottle of brandy, the other two Dog Men following him at a pace.

92

80. CONT.

AZAZELLO
Trip-trap, trip-trap... and where are you going in the woods today, little girl?

Aissa edges towards the door but the Dog Men cut her off.

AZAZELLO
Looking for your five-finger man? He can't help you. There are no masters anymore.

He advances and she raises a hand as if to strike him. Her claws extend from her fingertips and her eyes glint in the firelight. The hair on her back raises as she emits a long catlike hiss.

AZAZELLO
Nicely now little kitten-Aissa or I'll hurt you. Remember how the master hurt me? Oh, how he whipped me. He near took the skin from my back.

He gives an oily CHUCKLE, his voice becoming a growl.

AZAZELLO
But he spared your soft skin.

One of the Dog Men reaches out to grab her hair and she bares her teeth in a feral snarl. Lashing out at Azazello, her claws rake his face nearly blinding him.

Azazello stumbles back with a canine yelp, pawing at his snout. The other two Dog Men lunge at her, the blood lust rising in their eyes.

Aissa turns. Finding no way out of the room she leaps toward the curtains. Locking her claws in the heavy material, she scrambles up toward the valence while the dog men try to grab her and pull her back.

She tries to reach the large chandelier, but the curtains and valence give way and she falls back toward the floor; in midfall she twists catlike to land on all fours in a crouch.

A low threatening growl boils from her throat as she faces Azazello and the Dog Men, holding them at bay like a cornered cat as they maneuver cautiously to surround her.

Suddenly, with a shriek she springs at Azazello. Her claws tear with lightening speed at his face while he staggers back. His hand goes into his coat and he pulls an automatic.

93

80. Cont

As Aissa claws for his throat, he shoots her at zero range. There is a deafening concussion. Her eyes widen, revealing the green fire of her rage as she convulses with the impact.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT 81.

The remainder of the beast people standing before the blazing pyre, turn as a burst of gunfire shatters the night.

The Hyena-Swine stands in the doorway of the big house, brandishing his Kalishnikov. As the congregation watches he fires a second burst at the stars.

HYENA-SWINE
Bow to me! I send the fire that kills.

He squeezes off another burst for effect and several of the beast people drop to their knees. Kiril moves forward, pulling the groveling figures back to their feet by the scruffs of their necks.

HYENA-SWINE
Bow to me!

KIRIL
Who are you that I should bow to you? We are brothers.

He turns to face the congregation.

KIRIL
Children of the Law, we must stand firm. We must uphold the Law and work together now. We must rule with love, not hate. We are brothers, all of us.

The Hyena-Swine switches the Kalashnikov onto single fire and shoots Kiril in the back. He pitches forward.

The congregation GASPS.

The Hyena-Swine CHUCKLES, slides in a new banana clip.

Some of the Beast People start to shout now, falling to their knees and wringing their hands.

SAYER OF THE LAW
No! This is wrong! You are breaking the Law!

94

81. CONT.

HYENA-SWINE
Do what you will is the whole of the law. Montgomery told me so.

SAYER OF THE LAW
We must have Laws! We are not animals!

HYENA--SWINE
Law no more!

SAYER OF THE LAW
(with incredible feeling)
Are we not men?

The Hyena-Swine laughs, switches his Kalashnikov onto full auto and empties its magazine into the crowd, the Boar Man at his side excitedly joining in the massacre with his own AK-47. All those who are still standing are caught in a withering rain of bullets, their bodies jerking in the glow of the funeral pyre.

The Sayer of the Law is among the first shattered by a bullet between the eyes.

A spray of bullets punch into fuel cans stockpiled in the yard, a rivulet of gasoline creeps away, leading back towards the big house.

The Hyena-Swine is laughing and laughing, the gun growing hot in his hands, fire leaping in his eyes.

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT 82.

Things have started to slip at the beach party.

Several of the Beast Folk lie shaking on the sand, gripped by epileptic seizures, while one of the Cat People has torn out its own eyes and sits screaming beside the projector. The flatbed is stuck in the sand, smoke pouring out of it, M'Ling limping back towards the fire in open embarrassment.

Montgomery stands naked in the midst of the admiring Chimaeras, staring back towards the big house, his attention drawn by the sound of GUNFIRE.

MONTGOMERY
What the fuck now...?

M'LING
Master!

95

82. Cont.

M'Ling steps towards Montgomery but the Bison Man cuts him off, striking the Dog Man over the head with an empty bottle.

MONTGOMERY
No! Don't hurt him!

He makes as if to go to M'Ling's assistance, but the Bison Man blocks his way.

BISON MAN
No more Masters!

Montgomery turns to see the other Beast Folk crowding in on him, an awful hunger flaring in their eyes. A low growl ripples across the beach, rising into a snarl of rage.

MONTGOMERY
Hey, come on, man, lighten up... This is supposed to be a party!

The little pink Sloth thing steps suddenly forward and shoots Montgomery in the chest with his own automatic.

He staggers backwards, staring in disbelief at the puckered hole in his breastbone.

MONTGOMERY
Shit! You!...You were always such a sweet little fucker, too... Jesus... Thanks a lot...

He falls against the CD ROM projector and the image goes into gross distortion.

He slips to his knees clutching at the bloody wound in his chest.

MONTGOMERY
Christ...what a mess.

With a SHRIEK, the Beast People fall upon him, ripping and ravaging.

INT. THE LABORATORY - NIGHT 83.

Prendick is edging towards the door, Moreau's black book clutched to his chest, his automatic in his hand, when the Hyena-Swine and the Boar Man burst into the room, leveling their rifles. He dives for the cover of the overturned operating table, a bullet meant for his heart hitting instead the leather cover of Moreau's journal.

96

83. Cont.

He hugs the ground, covering his head as the renegades pump round after round into the laboratory, shattering the overhead lights and laboratory equipment.

The big tank cracks and comes apart, spilling a wave of warm amniotic fluid across the floor, the gilled mutations flopping and writhing amidst the broken glass.

The Hyena-Swine pauses to reload, padding on the tips of its toes towards Prendick's hiding place, its teeth bared.

HYENA-SWINE
Come out and face me! Let us see who is the Master now!

Prendick crawls gasping for the safety of the ruined bank of audio-visual equipment, prompting a hysterical burst of GUNFIRE from the Hyena-Swine.

Prendick cringes, bullets RICOCHETING and sparking all around him.

There follows another lull as the Hyena-Swine fumbles for a fresh clip. Prendick uses the breathing space to reach for the Nagra.

The Boar Man turns, leveling his rifle, but at that moment Moreau's icy voice fills the room.

MOREAU'S VOICE
Diastolic pressure up to 4. Pulmonary pressure stands at 5.8. Heartbeat irregular.

The Boar Man freezes, turning to the Hyena-Swine.

HYENA-SWINE
No! It is a trick! He is dead! We killed him!

He opens fire once more but Prendick has already ducked safely out of sight, crouching behind a console and pulling on a pair of goggles.

The Hyena-Swine glances about himself uneasily, then, as he steps forward, Prendick reaches out and throws the switch on the laser, its light filling the room with a brilliant bluegreen glare. The renegades yell, trying to cover their eyes as Prendick springs from behind the console, shooting the Boar Man in the throat. The Boar Man topples backwards.

The Hyena-Swine screams, blindly loosing a burst of gunfire in Prendick's direction. One of the bullets damages the laser's housing and Prendick decides to take a chance, diving across the room towards the door and tilting the laser from its bearings as he passes. The laser cuts the Hyena-Swine across the face and he tumbles backwards with a shriek, clutching at his face.

97

83. Cont.

Then Prendick shoots him in the stomach and he goes down, falling amidst the tendrils of the tank dwellers, still kicking and screaming, one paw grasping for a hand grenade.

Prendick takes a step back as the Hyena-Swine pulls the pin and draws back his arm to pitch the grenade, but then one of the tentacles coils around his wrist and holds it tight. Prendick leaps for the door.

The Hyena-Swine's last shriek of pain and fear is cut short by an ear-splitting CONCUSSION and the laboratory is torn apart in a ball of fire and flying shrapnel.

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT 84.

Prendick steps over the mound of corpses, eyes narrowed against the smoke, the gun in one hand, Moreau's black book in the other.

PRENDICK
Aissa!

He scans the faces of the dead but does not see her among them.

The flames are spreading now from the blazing laboratory to the other huts, climbing towards the radio mast. Up ahead, the big house is already on fire and Prendick battles his way towards its door.

INT. THE HALL - NIGHT 85.

Prendick stumbles coughing through the doorway, one arm raised to protect his face from its burning frame.

PRENDICK
Aissa!

Then his eyes to adjust to the smoke-filled room and what he sees seems to rob him of what little sanity he has left.

Aissa's body lies on the dining table, her entire torso an open wound, Azazello, Waggdi and a third Dog Man seated around her, as if about to feed on her flesh.

Prendick reacts with a bellow of primal rage. He raises his gun and blasts at the Dog Men. One is struck in the head. Waggdi tries to make a run for it, retreating, yelping into a corner where Prendick's shots bring him down.

Prendick turns the gun on Azazello who glares at him with canine menace. He pulls the trigger but the chamber CLICKS on empty.

98

85. Cont.

Azazello turns with a SHREIK and throws himself through the rear window, fleeing YELPING into the night.

Prendick stands over Aissa, beyond grief, beyond any emotion. Falling to his knees he howls in an animal expression of rage and torment.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT 86.

A series of EXPLOSIONS rip through the enclosure, engulfing the big house, the singing aloes rising screaming in tongues of living flame.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAWN 87.

Prendick stands watching the rising sun. He seems transformed by grief and by his exposure to horror. The big house is burning behind him. Montgomery's remains are at his feet covered in a blood soaked blanket. M'Ling kneels beside him, weeping.

M'LING
They are mad! They are fools! They say there is no Law. No master. No whips. No House of Pain anymore. We love the Law and will keep it now but there is no more pain, no more whips forever again, they say. But I know, Master, I know. You still live. You have walked in the sea and lived.

Prendick pats M'Ling's head.

PRENDICK
You're a good man, M'Ling.

M'LING
You will kill them all?

Prendick turns his eyes towards the burning flatbed and the remnants of the motor launch. There are bodies strewn all over the beach.

PRENDICK
No. Not all.

M'LING
The Master's will is sweet.

Behind them the radio mast collapses, sending a flurry of sparks climbing into the heavens.

99

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY 88.

The SOUND of the HORN rises once more into the morning air.

Prendick, M'Ling, Assassimon and two of the remaining elders stand on the rostrum, Azazello bound and kneeling at their feet.

The rest of the islanders gather uneasily before them. There are fewer than thirty of them left.

PRENDICK
He's not dead! He's speaking to me right now! The House of Pain will come again! You can't see the Master, but he's watching everything you do!

M'LING
True! True!

The Fox Lady steps forward, cradling one of the children from the incubators.

FOX LADY
The Man Who Walks in the Sea now leads.

PRENDICK
The Master speaks through me. For those who break the Law!

ASSASSIMON
Back to the House of Pain!
Back to the House of Pain!

The congregation takes up the chant, their voices swelling.

Prendick stares in cold fury as Azazello slinks forward, contrite and very frightened. He kneels before Prendick who touches his head with barely-controlled hatred.

ALL (CHORUS)
Back to the House of Pain!
Back to the House of Pain!

AZAZELLO
(looking imploringly at Prendick)
Back to the House of Pain!
Back to the House of Pain!

He tries to lick Prendick's hand. Prendick puts the gun to Azazello's head and the Dog Man whimpers.

100

88. Cont.

The gun jumps, spitting fires and Azazello falls, blood jetting from his temple. The audience falls silent.

FOX LADY
The gun has spoken! It is good!

They fall into a new rhythm, their chant rising and rising.

ALL (CHORUS)
His is the hand that wounds!
His is the hand that heals!
His is the lightning flash!
His is the deep salt sea!

Prendick stands looking out over them Moreau's book still clutched under his arm, the gun clenched in his free hand. It's as though he's staring at something a thousand miles away, as tears start down his cheeks.

The crowd bows down, the sky filled with black smoke rising from the ruins behind them, the emblem of the Tree of Life still fluttering from the flagpole above.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAVE - DAY 89.

Prendick stands in the shaft of light at the center of the cavern, the fetish staff in his hands, leading the chanting congregation. His hair and beard have grown long and wild now, and his clothes are embroidered with bones and tassels, bedaubed with paint.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
After that day I became the Sayer of the Law. Every day for nine months I stood in front of the Tree of Life and talked to them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT 90.

Prendick is observing the moon through a cleft in the rock and marking the lunar calendar painted on the cavern wall.

101

90. CONT.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
I rewrote the Law and tried to teach them new ways to survive on their own. The Law I gave them was the Law I dreamed of as a boy, that had made me want to be a lawyer, a Law that never really existed anywhere in the real world, except here.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAY 91.

Prendick stands thigh deep in the river teaching M'Ling and the others the finer points of spear fishing, a lesson interrupted when two of the onlookers start to squabble over a particularly juicy-looking barbel.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
I taught them all I could, but day by day the animal returned to take over that which was human. Like it always has and always will. Like Moreau said it would.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY 92.

Prendick, M'Ling and several others huddle beneath a fan of woven palm leaves, sheltering from a torrential downpour.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
About thirty of them had survived, and eight of those were dead by the end of the hurricane season, most from untreatable illnesses caused by their genetic disorders. I knew that if Aissa had lived she would have shared their fate, but that didn't take the pain away. By the time the trade winds blew again from the west, only M'Ling and Assassimon still clung to the power of speech, and were able to help me in my work.

102

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY 93.

Moreau's horse has been employed in dragging logs down from the rainforest to where M'Ling and Prendick are shaping them with makeshift axes.

Assissimon sits nearby, emptying barrels of diesel into the sand.

There follows a MONTAGE of activity as the raft slowly takes shape, Assissimon rigging its sails as it lies at berth next to the jetty, while Prendick and M'Ling load it with supplies.

PRENDICK
I'll be back with help. Give me three months.

M'LING
It is good. Go well, Master.

PRENDICK
Go well yourself, M'Ling. Good M'Ling.

He embraces M'Ling. The Dog Man fawns upon him, whimpering. Then he pulls away and, clambering aboard the raft, makes ready and casts off.

Assassimon comes running down the jetty, shouting at the top of his lungs.

ASSASSIMON
He is going! He is going! He is great! He is good!

Prendick strikes an offshore current, unfurling a bright sheet of homespun from the mast, a gaudy representation of The Tree of Life painted in its center. The wind fills the sail and he adjusts the tillers, turning the raft's prow towards the open sea.

M'Ling sits dawn, his big feet dangling over the edge of the jetty, looking a little dejected, watching until Prendick is far away.

M'LING
We must read. We must keep speech for his return.

Then he lifts a battered copy of Alice in Wonderland and begins to read aloud once more while Assassimon, hopping from foot to foot, pretends to mouth the words over his shoulder.

103

93. CONT.

M'LING
(reads, haltingly)
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great
fall. All the King's horses
and all the Kings men,
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again.

M'Ling's voice falters, tapering off into a bestial whimper.

He sits for a long while in silence, the book sagging in his hands, watching the sail of Prendick's raft until it has disappeared from sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE DISC OF THE SUN - DAY 94.

A dazzling, overexposed white.

DISSOLVE THROUGH WHITE TO:

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY (TWO DAYS LATER) 95.

Prendick lies on his back on the raft, the sail flapping slackly now, his face raw and blistered from the sun. His head sways with the rise and fall of the ocean and all the horizon seems to sway with him, the earth and sky and the shining crack that separates them.

A dark smudge appears on the horizon. Dancing. Drawing nearer. He closes his eyes.

When he opens his eyes again he sees the side of a freighter looming over him, a row of figures gathered at the rail, outlines silhouetted against the sun.

Hands lift him now. Twisted, mis-shapen hands tipped with curious nails.

His eyes focus on his rescuers and he sees the intent faces of beasts of prey glaring down at him, their faces snoutish and porcine, covered with a sickly pink skin, their lips curling back from yellowed teeth.

He screams.

Prendick opens his eyes to find himself still sitting on a chair in Dr. Murnau's office. The head doctor sits facing him, one of the staff psychiatrists to his left and an unnamed newcomer to his right.

104

95. Cont.

Prendick is clean shaven now and dressed in a brand new suit and tie.

MURNAU
Are you alright, Mr. Prendick?

PRENDICK
Fine, thanks.

MURNAU
You're certainly much improved since the last time I saw you.(to the newcomer) I was the first to interview Mr. Prendick after his ordeal in the South Pacific. (to Prendick) Mr. Prendick, I would like you to meet Mr. Taylor Haynes from the Foundation for the Humanities.

PRENDICK
A pleasure.

MURNAU
Mr. Prendick has been suffering from an acute form of traumatic stress disorder. A disorder from which he has made an almost complete recovery.

MOCH
You understand now don't you, that the Dr. Moreau of your fantasies was merely a distorted perception of our Dr. Murnau, the head of the psychiatric hospital where you have spent the past three years.

MURNAU
There was a real Dr. Moreau of course who won the Nobel Prize in 1994 but he retired from the Anglo-American genome program a year later and seems to have vanished completely. In your fantasy you claimed that Moreau represented to you that he was funded by the foundation that you used to work for... the Foundation for the Humanities.

HAYNES
If it's any help, I can assure you that we've never underwritten any research in that area. The very idea is absurd.

MURNAU
The only island known to exist at those coordinates is Noble's Islo. The crew of the U.S.S. Scorpion landed a party there in August 2003 to check your story, but found nothing living there save a rare species of white moth.

105

Prendick shakes his head, as if in amazement at the extent of his former delusion.

PRENDICK
I understand. I realize I was alone all along. I was always alone.

MURNAU
You've come a very long way, Mr. Prendick. I'm proud of you.

PRENDICK
It's hard to believe the last three years ever happened. All I can say is that I just can't wait to get back to my life. I have so many plans...so much catching up to do.

MURNAU
In that case I suggest you begin at once. I feel there is no further obstacle to your release from this institution.

PRENDICK
Thank you doctor, Mr. Haynes, thank you all for everything.

Prendick stands, folding his coat over his arm. When he looks up at the doctors it is to find their faces distorted, somehow bestial, like carrion birds watching him greedily across the desktop.

He turns on his heel and starts for the door where he glances back.

Seen from the door, backlit by the light from the floor to ceiling window, they appear even less human.

He exits.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY 96.

Prendick stands on the corner of a busy city street, his coat still folded over his arm, staring at the hubbub of life that surrounds him.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
I was released from the hospital in October 2010. The world hadn't come to an end after all. It had just changed.

We see the crowded street now through Prendick's eyes.

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96. Cont.

Weary old men shambling past him like wounded cattle dripping blood, prowling WOMEN mewing after him and dancing packs of jibing CHILDREN skipping through a gridlocked traffic jam of barking MOTORISTS.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
When I looked upon my fellow man
I saw no longer the image of God,
only the souls of beasts, beasts that perish.

INT. THE COTTAGE - DUSK 97.

The fire is low on the hearth. Prendick sits hunched in the semi-darkness, the loaded gun still cradled in his hands, finishing up his final message running through the Nagra, a dog barking in the distance.

Moreau's notebook lies open on the table before him, a reproduction of Draper's "Lament for Icarus" tacked on the wall behind him. All over the desk, on crumpled pieces of paper, are sketches of the Tree of Life.

PRENDICK(V.O.)
On the island, I had thought that Moreau was the loneliest man on the earth. But that was before I became what I've become... While I was in the hospital the doctors tried to convince me that everything I remember was the product of some morbid hallucination. Certainly my story is impossible to believe. I alone know it to be the truth and can no longer bear to live with it.

Prendick raises the gun, closing his eyes.

PRENDICK (V.O.)
(haltingly)
Perhaps at the last it is only the beast in us that enables us to survive, content to eat, sleep and live out a life untainted by all the pretensions,ambitions and high ideals that have made mankind so very miserable and placed our species on its course to self destruction. Perhaps it is only that part of us that is still an animal, unaware of its own mortality, that makes us capable of happiness at all. Perhaps in the end Moreau was wrong and it is the soul of the beast that will

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97. Cont.

be our salvation. All I know is that I will never again see that sad island or meet its master, nor will I see her again or feel her warmth...

In the near background we hear the barking of a dog.

Prendick squeezes his eyelids shut, trying to blot out the noise. He draws the hammer back with an audible click. Suddenly, there is the sound of a pair of paws hitting the pane of glass in a French door. The barking is now very loud, almost in the room. Prendick opens his eyes once more. The barking goes on. It has a strange, pleading quality.

Prendick lowers the gun and looks toward the door.

The dog is looking in. It sees him and barks with sudden recognition. Prendick can't avoid the animal. He rises and the dog paws wildly at the doorpane with obvious joy at his approach. Prendick tries to muster a stern look.

PRENDICK
What? You'd miss me?

The dog responds with a short, decisive bark.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND - DUSK 98.

A curtain of rain falls across the land, turned to motes of gold by the dying light, descending as a blessing upon the soft green hills and patchwork farmsteads.

The dog comes running along the crest of a hill, rejoicing, barking at the rain, eyes brimming with a simple animal happiness. It skids to a halt, shaking itself, turning its snout towards the dying light. The rain has stopped, the sky is clearing.

Its master walks now to stand beside it, his hands in his pockets, contemplating the same awesome view. Then Prendick bends down to pat the dog as it leaps up, putting its paws against his chest, to lick his face that is wet with rain or tears.

Prendick looks deep into the sweet liquid eyes of the dog.

FADE TO BLACK.
ROLL END TITLES.
THE END